

# The Reader

VOL. II

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No. 2

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## Writers and Readers

*Illustrated Notes of Authors, Books and the Drama*

ONE of our readers writes to us: "Since I read 'The Cardinal's Snuff-Box' I have not got so much unalloyed pleasure out of a story as I have derived from reading the first two chapters of 'The Fortunes of Fifi.' If it is all as good as the beginning the book will be the most deservedly popular story of the day, if I am not mistaken. Was there ever a more lovable girl-heroine than Fifi?"

WE call the attention of our readers to the "Cartoon by McCutcheon," printed in this issue. This was drawn especially for THE READER by Mr. McCutcheon and will be followed by others from the same hand. Mr. McCutcheon's drawings have helped to make famous the published volumes of the fables of Mr. George Ade and "The Love Sonnets of an Office Boy," by Mr. S. E. Kiser. Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. have recently published a volume of "Cartoons by McCutcheon" with an introduction by George Ade. Another contributor from Chicago to this issue is Mr. Bert Leston Taylor, whose

single issue of "The Bilioustine" is worth all the numbers of "The Philistine" that will ever be printed.

OUR frontispiece portrait of Mark Twain was photographed for THE READER by Mr. Vander Weyde.

SUCCESSFUL publishers and authors never before did business in so large a manner as they find themselves doing to-day. Within the last four weeks announcements have been made and rumors have been circulated in connection with authors and publishers that would have been considered incredible five years ago. Within the last few weeks a contract was made between a leading publisher and a successful author whereby the publisher agreed to pay to the author the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for all rights—including dramatic and foreign rights—of his latest novel, which will be in the hands of the public about the time this is printed. Quite recently the publishers of "Collier's Weekly"

made public their contract with Mr. Charles Dana Gibson for a payment of one hundred thousand dollars for the right to reproduce one hundred drawings. In addition to this, Mr. Gibson does work for "Life," and is also said to receive a guarantee of \$25,000 a year from the publisher of his books of drawings. And while it is the business of no one but Mr. Dunne and his employers, there is no reason for disbelieving the statement recently made that the creator of "Mr. Dooley" receives a guarantee of \$40,000 a year from Colonel George Harvey, of Harper & Brothers. Mark Twain and William Dean Howells are two other celebrated writers whose work is controlled by Colonel Harvey. It is becoming the custom, rather than the exception, for a publisher to contract with an author for all of his work. The publishers of "Collier's Weekly" have recently made a contract with Mr. Frederic Remington whereby they secure all the drawings and writings of Mr. Remington for some years to come.

But in any consideration of this flourishing condition of the business of writing and publishing, the other side of the picture must not be forgotten. For every author who achieves fame and fortune by his work, there are thousands of writers whose work brings to them only disappointment and despair. Just as all the large publishers are bidding for the work of the successful authors, so are the birds-of-prey publishers eagerly searching for the unsuccessful author in the hope of securing money from him in return for a promise to print and publish an utterly worthless manuscript. Not long ago a foolish woman pawned, among other things, her wedding ring to make up an amount of \$200 demanded by a firm who advertised for manuscripts. This firm recently failed and this woman's manuscript was found in the office boy's desk.

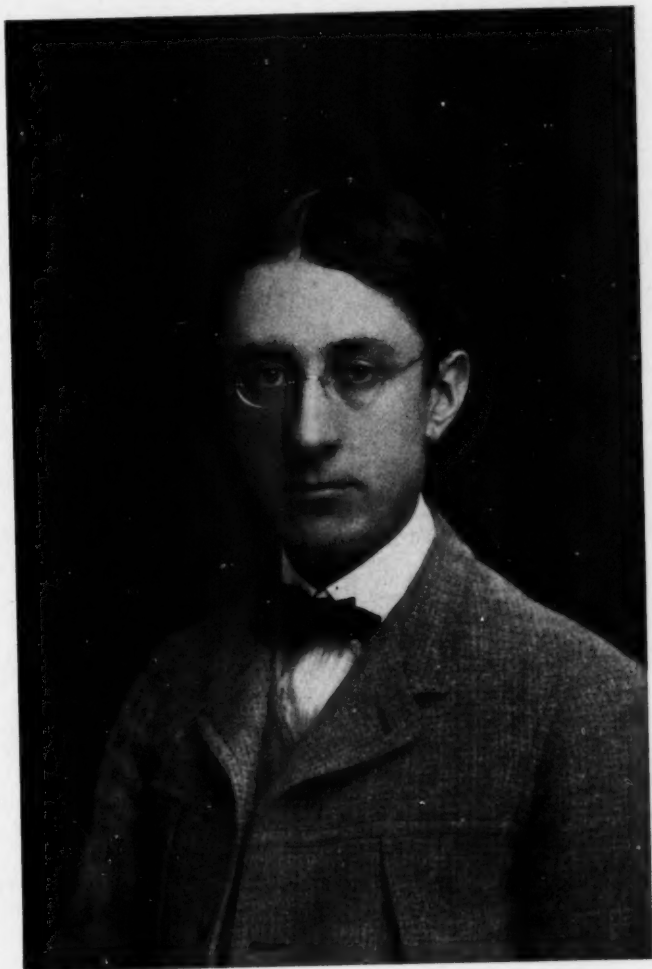
**H**AROLD MacGrath is the fortunate author of "The Grey Cloak," one of the most successful books of the year.

Mr. MacGrath is a Scotch-Irish American, and passed his boyhood in Syracuse. He early became a newspaper man and, finally, adopted the pen as a permanent profession, his nimble wit soon advancing him from the general reportorial ranks to specialized work on the editorial page. Then the second transition—to fiction—followed so naturally to a man of his ability that, almost without realizing it, he found himself possessed of comparative ease from the royalties of his successful books.

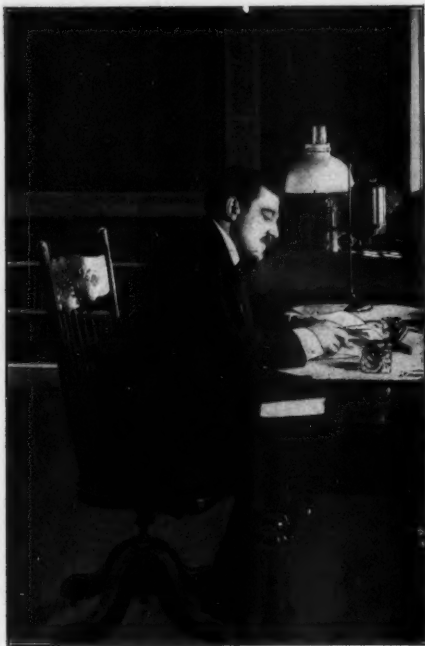
Should you ask where lies his home—he will tell you that where his hat hangs is his shifting abode. As a writer he is conscientious and careful; as persistent to his work as his mood allows, and never unduly precipitates one success on the heels of another. As a result, his books reflect his own enjoyment and mirror his own optimistic philosophy, imbibing no taint of forced enthusiasm.

He lays no claim to the serious title of novelist, but modestly classifies himself as a mere romancer—a writer of stories. Yet he ranks far above the class which have been aptly termed the "vaudeville of literature," and, like the far-famed Cyrano, his rhymes always fit the occasion.

**T**HE announcements for next season's dramatic productions include titles of several novels not yet two years old. They are "The Filigree Ball," by Anna Katherine Green; "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," by Charles Major; "Hearts Courageous," by Hallie Erminie Rives; and "John Ermine of the Yellowstone," by Frederic Remington, the last to be produced by Mr. James K. Hackett, who will play John Ermine.



MR. HAROLD MACGRATH



MR. JOHN D. BARRY

OUR photograph of Mr. John D. Barry, the well-known journalist and dramatic critic, suggests at least two of his most striking qualities—his industry and perseverance. A cheerful spirit is another quality possessed by Mr. Barry and it is this which enables him to rise triumphant over the refusal by the managers to produce any of his numerous plays. But if Mr. Barry cannot write a successful play, in “A Daughter of Thespis” he has written a successful novel of theatrical life. Miss Clara Morris has expressed her pleasure from reading the book, and declared it to be a true picture of the life of the theatre.

One of the most amusing chapters in “A Daughter of Thespis” is the one in which Leonard Thayer, the playwright, describes to Evelyn Johnson, the actress, the members of the first-night audience as they arrive and are seen from behind the curtain. Thayer’s

epigrammatic characterizations are not altogether without prejudice, but they are none the less interesting, and many readers will identify “Godfrey, of the Wasp,” and Sidney Carleton, editor of *Comics*, who has become “so saturated with reading that he’s forgotten all about life.” But who—Mr. Barry, please tell us—is the lady with “the high gray hair and the red cheeks,” who last winter made “seven hundred dollars out of the witty things people said at her dinner-table”? We should like to secure her services as a contributor—and we would not decline an invitation to dinner.

Mr. Barry’s photograph was taken by Miss M. E. Thomas.

THE reputation of Mr. Eden Phillpotts has been of gradual growth in this country, where style does not lead to instant success for a book. But with “The River,” Mr. Phillpotts’ last novel, a certain measure of popularity seems to have been accorded one of the foremost of living English novelists. An interview with Mr. Phillpotts is published in this number.

IF any reader of “The Redfields Succession,” by Henry Burnham Boone and Kenneth Brown, should wonder at a possible lack of unity of construction—or any other desirable quality—the following story of the evolution of the volume in question may be a satisfactory explanation.

One year ago its authors had finished it, as they supposed, but the indisputable Publisher arose and oracularly announced that the love story did not begin till the seventeenth chapter; that the first part of the book was “just sketches”; that the hero was “not nearly so interesting as some of the others,” and that the story ended badly. It was explained by the authors that the sketches were “simply meant



MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS

to give a picture of the South"; that the hero was just an ordinary man—besides which he was going to be better in the next book. To which the publishers responded that readers do not want "pictures"; they want a story. So it was rewritten and rewritten—and again entirely rewritten in November; after which it was approved "as far as it went," but more demanded. Then the sketches of Virginia life, which comprised "the next book," were ruthlessly slaughtered and condensed into two or three chapters as a finale for "The Redfields Succession."

Mr. Brown is now writing a short novel to be entitled "Contrariwise"; and this literary child has also developed under unusual conditions. It is now two years since it was first shown to Mr. Howells, who was then head reader for Harper & Brothers. At that time this book was in the shape of a series of short stories, mostly of a flirtatious character. Mr. Howells wrote that he approved, and that, dependent upon other business deals, the firm would probably publish the book in about six months. Finally it was decided that, "short stories not being in demand," according to publishers' ideas, the book would not be issued by them. Recently it was suggested to the author by Mr. Howells, who was much interested in these stories, that he "make some sort of a frame to string the stories on, and give them continuity." Mr. Brown attacked the problem from this view of the matter, and added the material which he had sketched out for a new novel as a basis to the short stories—with the result that, what was at first intended merely as a series of unconnected sketches resolved itself into a whole of "unity, mass and coherence," as they say at Harvard.

Mr. Andrew Lang once suggested, in the course of replying to a vigorous protest by Mr. Thomas Hardy against

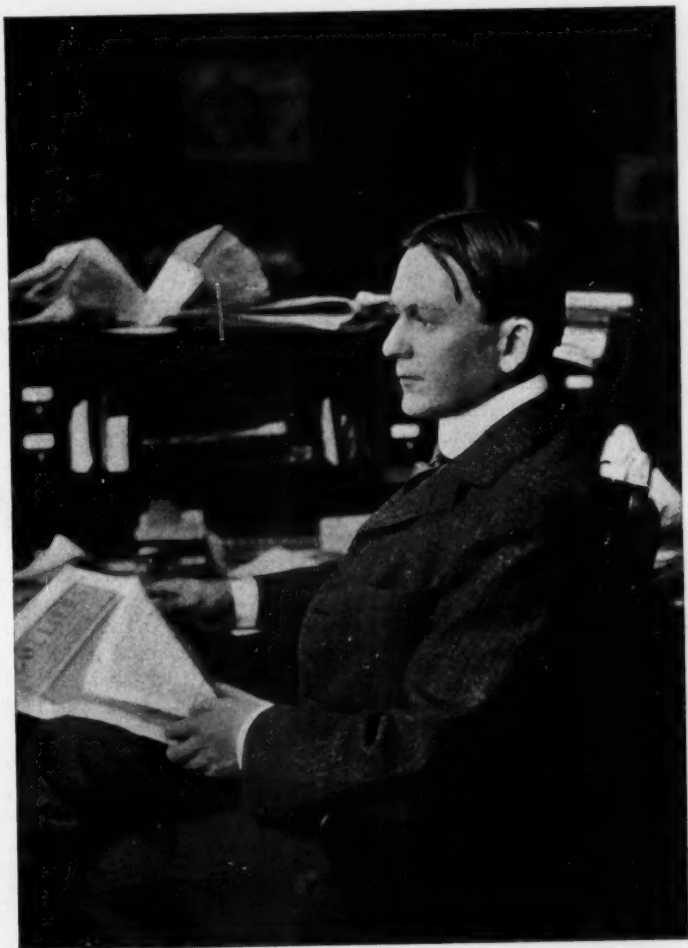
a review by Mr. Lang of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," that in the days of the millennium authors would review their own books, but this story of the experiences of the authors of "The Redfields Succession" promises the even greater possibility of publishers writing their own books in the happy days to come.

IN a few years' time Mr. Robert J. Collier has made "Collier's Weekly" the biggest weekly paper in America, and he has done this with a generous use of money and of brains. When Mr. Gibson's work was wanted for "Collier's Weekly," there was no question of price and this policy has prevailed throughout. Mr. Collier believes in securing the services of the best men obtainable, and he has the faculty of succeeding in this. As everybody knows, Mr. Collier is a great polo player as well as a great editor.

WINDSOR, Vermont, is the post office address of the largest summer colony of authors and artists in America. It includes Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Mansfield Parrish, Mr. Frederic Remington, Mr. Norman Hapgood, Mr. Louis Evan Shipman, Mr. John Blair and Mr. Dooley—but this is only a small part of the list. It is interesting to note that no publisher has his summer home in Windsor.

MRS. Frank Norris is gathering together the essay-contributions of the author of "The Pit" to the newspapers and magazines.

THERE are two anonymous books now exciting a great deal of comment—"Despotism and Democracy" and "The Kempton-Wace Letters." Their authorship will come out sooner or later and already well-known names are connected with the volumes.



MR. ROBERT J. COLLIER

IN our May issue we reproduced the book-plate of Mr. George William Beatty, designed by Mr. W. F. Hopson. On the opposite page we give four examples of Mr. Hopson's designs for book-plates kindly loaned to us by Mr. Beatty. While these designs have obvious qualities of charm and interest, they are given additional value by some details concerning their designer, sent to us by Mr. Beatty, who has a large and interesting collection of Mr. Hopson's work.

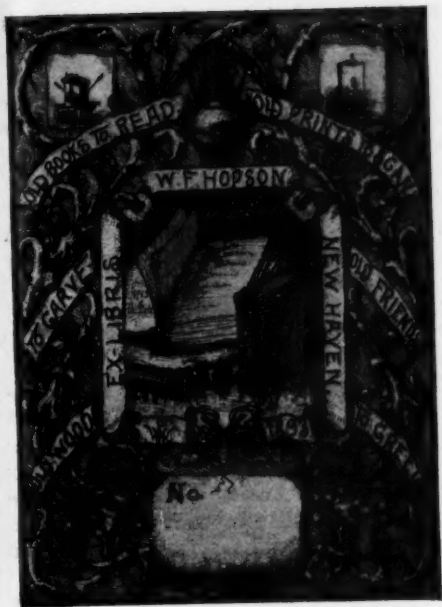
Among engravers who are giving much of their attention to book-plates, Mr. W. F. Hopson (of New Haven, Conn.) may be classed as one of the most successful. Mr. Hopson was born in Watertown, Conn., but his parents soon after moved to Vermont where the early years of his life were spent. When eighteen years old he went to Hartford to learn wood engraving with Henry C. Curtis, and a few months later went to work with Lockwood Sanford, who had won a reputation as a wood engraver. In 1870 he went to New York and studied book-work engraving. His evenings in New York were spent studying drawing under August Will, a noted teacher of that day. After three years in New York he again returned to New Haven, where he went into partnership in the engraving business with another pupil of Lockwood Sanford, and here they carried on a successful business, doing all kinds of engraving on wood, but mostly for commercial purposes.

In 1885 Mr. Hopson sold out his interest in this business and opened a studio in his own home, where he has since worked, much of his time being given to the requirements of the Yale College professors, and in making the illustrations for Professor Marsh's work on *Extinct Mammals*. He also made over 2,500 illustrations for the edition of Webster's Dictionary which was published about this time.

Mr. Hopson's early work as an engraver had been done largely on wood, though he had etched on copper from time to time. In 1892 he made his first book-plate on copper. He has since designed and engraved a goodly number of very handsome and very characteristic book-plates. He has made plates for the Connecticut State Library, for Yale University, and for Professor William Lyon Phelps, for Charles Dexter Allen, author of "American Book-Plates," and an especially interesting one for Mrs. Josephine S. Porter, mother of the late John A. Porter, President McKinley's secretary. This plate was intended to be used in the books of Mrs. Porter's very complete collection of works on old costumes and is appropriately designed for this purpose. It shows a dame of older days, dressed in gorgeous costume and by her side a peacock with tail spread to its fullest size.

Mr. Hopson's work is particularly interesting because of the successful combination of artist and engraver. Mr. Hopson cannot make the usual complaint of the artist that his work has suffered in the hands of the engraver.

THE simultaneous publication of volume three, number three, of "The Book of Book-Plates," published quarterly in England (A. Wessels Company, New York), and the second number of "Artistic Book-Plates," edited and published in New York prompts the question: Is it possible to make an interesting periodical devoted exclusively to the interests of book-plates? The English periodical does not possess the slightest interest or value for the lay mind and very little for the enthusiast. Designs for book-plates seem to us to lose all their value when printed on paper of "antique" finish, as here. "Artistic Book-Plates," on the other hand, is



EXAMPLES OF BOOKPLATES DESIGNED BY MR. W. F. HOPSON

charmingly arranged and printed, and needs only a little more variety in its contents to be a thoroughly interesting and successful magazine.

SEVERAL readers have written to us for information concerning Dr. Charles A. Eastman, the author of "The Indian's View of the Indian in Literature," published in our May number.

Dr. Eastman's special claim to speak for the Indian lies in the fact that he is of Indian blood, his tribal name being Ohiyesta. He is the author of "Indian Boyhood," published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Company, and is now at work upon a book of Indian hunting tales and true stories of wild animals.

THE author who cannot secure a publisher for his manuscript is apt to think this due to lack of personal interest with a publisher; but if the author would only know it, a manuscript by an unknown writer is better off without any personal introduction. A recent case which is in accord with this statement is the experience of Mr. William R. A. Wilson, whose first novel, "A Rose of Normandy," has gone into three editions in about as many weeks and is one of the best-selling books in New York to-day. Armed with strong personal introductions, Mr. Wilson took his manuscript to two of the leading publishing houses in New York; but in each case was told by the head of the house that the combination of new writer and historical novel prevented any consideration of the book. Then Mr. Wilson went to Boston with his manuscript, and because he saw the name of Little, Brown & Co. as he walked along Washington Street, he left the manuscript with them, though he was an entire stranger to the firm. But in three weeks Little, Brown & Co. informed Mr.

Wilson of their desire to publish his story.

IT is a far cry from Dean Swift's "The Tale of a Tub" to "The Joyous Heart" by Viola Roseboro, recently published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Company, but "one touch of nature" in the dedications to each volume makes them kin. We copy the old dedication:

*"Bookseller's Dedication."*

"I should now, in right of a dedicatory, give your Lordship a list of your own virtues, and, at the same time, be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly, I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints that I mean myself."

But the satire of the classic is many generations behind the elaborate ingenuousness of the Dedication of Miss Roseboro to her publisher, Mr. McClure, to be read and pondered over by anyone taking the trouble to pick up the volume in a bookstore.

IN an attractive little circular, Mr. Charles E. Goodspeed, the well-known secondhand bookseller of Boston, says: "Why not have a hobby of your own? Why not collect books about your favorite author—some great man whom you admire—your native town—some historic event—or your personal hobby?" This is well said and calculated to appeal to the heart and pocket of the passer-by, but in his list of "A few of the many special subjects for which I have customers," Mr. Goodspeed includes an item of desideratum which we have not known before to be collected—"Portraits of one-eyed men." The anonymous collector must surely be possessed of a whimsical turn of mind—or has he only one eye?



DR. CHARLES A. EASTMAN

THE appearance of Jacob P. Adler on the English-speaking stage has called attention to the remarkable histrionic talent which had hitherto been confined to the obscurest corner of the world of dramatic art. This representation of Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" has elicited much enthusiastic praise from the best American critics, yet this interpretation is not, by any means, the foremost of Adler's achievements; and if versatility is a test, his abilities cannot be estimated by this single enactment. And in his attempt to read a new meaning into Shylock he has taken a course which hampered rather than aided his art, for Shakespeare does not so easily lend himself to this new and humane conception of his character. After all that has been said by critics and promulgated by actors, "The Merchant of Venice" is an outrageous, cruel, inhuman play, written by a man who did not understand the Jew, but who knew in what opinion he was held by the theatre-goers of the time.

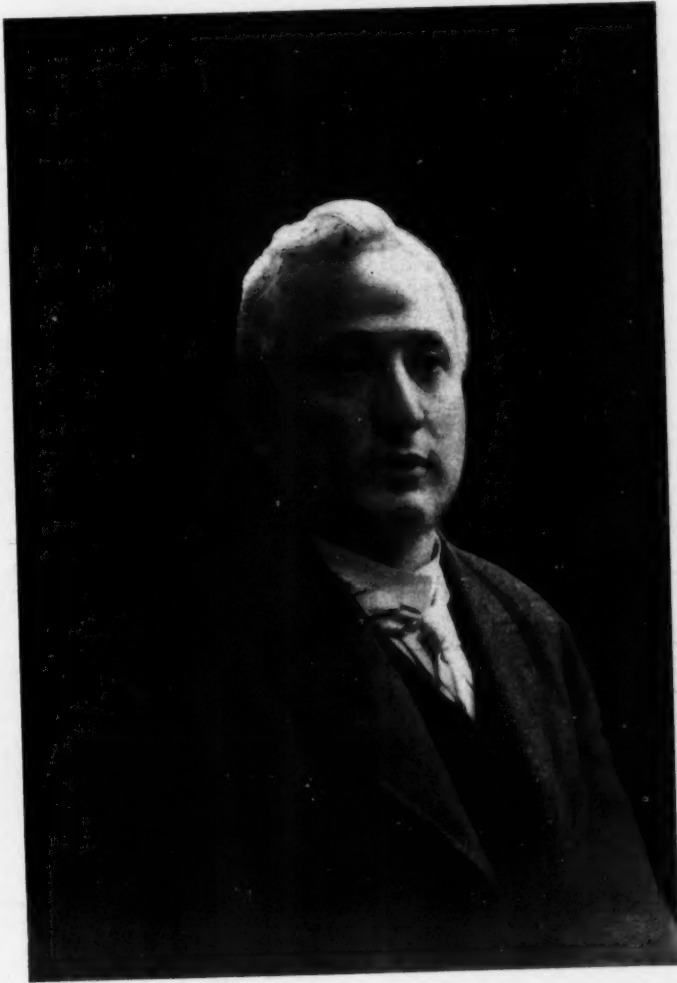
Jacob P. Adler is, by common consent of the best Yiddish public, including the chosen intellectuals and literati, "the King of the Jewish Stage." This title was bestowed upon him many years ago and he has since added many triumphs to his notable career till, at length, he has reached its very zenith. Among his admirers in the Ghetto are people who have seen the greatest actors of various countries and there are many who place him beside, and often above, the greatest English-speaking "stars" of to-day. His numerous interpretations—notably in the plays of Jacob Gordin—present a wonderful gallery of Jewish pictures—pictures so true to life that they will fade only with the memories of those who have beheld them. Yet Adler's art has not been altogether confined to plays from Jewish life and his performance of Shylock is only one of

a number of successful essays in classic drama. A stately, commanding presence, a voice that sets every string of the human heart in vibration, an extraordinary power of manipulating facial expression, a wonderfully expressive pair of eyes, a figure susceptible of being transformed beyond recognition—these are some of the visible requisites of this Jewish player; but these are invisible qualities of the soul that make of him the great artist he is.

Twenty-five years ago, in the city of Odessa, Russia, Adler made his first appearance in a Yiddish play, and since then the story of his life has been almost the history of the Jewish stage—a history of wanderings, misadventures and tribulations characteristic of these homeless people. When Adler came to New York, twelve years ago, two Jewish theatres then playing here had no room for him, for several reasons, including that of professional jealousy. So he went to Chicago and made an unsuccessful attempt to start a theatre there. He then returned to London, the scene of his many achievements. Remaining a year, he then received most advantageous offers from two New York managers, which he accepted and, returning to America, has not only won fame as an artist, but has exercised a most wholesome influence upon the Jewish drama.

A VOLUME of "Stevensoniana," compiled by Mr. J. H. Hamerton, will appear in London shortly. It will consist of personal notes and criticism of "R. L. S." collected from the newspapers and magazines. The author of "Treasure Island" would seem to be an inexhaustible source of books of biography and recollections, and the end is not yet.

MR. Sidney Colvin's "Life" is still to appear in "two volumes and a supplement."



MR. JACOB P. ADLER

# Cartoon by McCutcheon

THE PROFESSOR'S CHILDREN SELECTED THE READING MATTER FOR THE SUMMER HOME



"NOW, CHILDREN, REMEMBER MY IDEA OF A PERFECT OUTING—AN EASY CHAIR, A LAZY TIME AND LOTS OF GOOD BOOKS. SO BE SURE TO PUT SOME GOOD READING MATTER IN THE TRUNKS "



"AH, THIS IS DELICIOUS. NOW FOR SOME OF MY FAVORITE BOOKS—HUXLEY, MACAULAY, EMERSON—ANY OF MY OLD FRIENDS "



"HERE, FATHER, ARE SOME BOOKS THAT WE'VE READ OURSELVES AND WE KNOW THEY ARE RATTLING GOOD STORIES "



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McCutcheon

# Heliodore of the Myrtles

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

BY way of a long clove opening westward from the hills, the dark green myrtles of Cos ran down to the sea. Between the sea and the myrtles the yellow sand lay smooth in gracious curves, fretted by a surf so gentle that its sound was nothing more than a long-drawn sighing. The sea itself, ruffled by a warm west wind blowing lightly over from Attica, had the deep blue of the peacock's neck, now brightening, now darkening. A little to one side, the sheltered sweep of the sands was broken by a low, white shoulder of rock, behind which the small stream, after brawling musically down the clove from the inland hills, came at last to the sea by a succession of three cool, foaming, amber-brown basins. The basins, fit baths for Aphrodite or for Artemis, were open only to the sky, being rimmed with the white rocks and fenced about with the thick green of the myrtles. A brotherhood of young fig trees and one tall palm stood guard beside them. Noting how short and dark the shadows lay on rock and sand, one would have said that the hour was near noon.

A little way up the clove, on a rocky ledge overlooking the stream, stood a small, half-ruined temple, with a fig tree slanting out from a cleft in the marble roof. Its slender Ionic columns gleamed white through the crowding myrtles; and the rock-face below it gleamed white in patches

through a curtain of hanging vines. Wherever the myrtles gave way to leave a space of sward, the grass was jewelled with the dark blue, late-flowering violets, whose fragrance, mixed with the faintly aromatic scent of the myrtles, was like a girl's hair blown across one's face. Here and there beside the path,—which descended the hillside to touch the white temple steps and pass on down the clove,—bloomed the cyclamen in small clusters of deep purplish rose amid bronze-green, rosy-stemmed leaves.

It was Meleager of Gadara, the poet, to whose thought it came that the scent of the violet and myrtle on the warm air was like a girl's hair blown lightly across his face. He had come slowly down the hillside and paused on the temple steps to look off across the valley. His red tunic of finest wool, reaching almost to his knees, was caught on the left shoulder by a large brooch of wrought bronze set with red carnelian. On his feet were strong sandals, cross-laced nearly to the knee with richly embroidered thongs. His head had no covering save the masses of his dark brown, crisp, slightly curling hair. His face, very dark, was clean cut and clean shaven. His brown eyes were those of the dreamer and the visionary, while his large flexible mouth gave them the lie direct, being worldly-wise, resolute, half humorous, half tender. He was tall for a Greek,

and slight in build; but he moved with a spring and grace which proved him no scorner of the gymnasium's emulous toil.

On this particular day of the soft Aegean summer, Meleager's eyes were vexed and his mouth was disdainful. He seated himself on the topmost step of the temple, where, as the inland traditions had it, the great Simonides was wont to sit while he wrote those battle odes of his which made the Greek blood run fire. No battle ode was Meleager seeking to write, but a bitter epigram upon the women of Cos, whom Simonides, the glory of Cos, had seen fit to celebrate but little in his songs.

"Because no woman had the wit  
To sway thy Muse, Simonides,"

he began, making a fair start in a facile measure that would lend itself to invective or mild irony as the veering of his mood might dictate. His purpose was to suggest that if the women of Cos had been as little worthy of tribute in the days of Simonides as they were in the days of Meleager, then small wonder that Simonides touched his lyre to other themes than love. But as his thought reverted to his grievance he forgot to write. His brow darkened and knit heavily. With a restless gesture he stuffed tablet and stylus into his tunic, sprang to his feet, broke a branch of myrtle and strode impatiently down the path toward the sea, bruising the glossy, small aromatic leaves between his palms as he went.

The trouble was not, as might have been supposed, a woman. It was two women; with others, vague but vexing, in the background.

Meleager was in love,—or so he would have declared without misgiving had he had less intimate experience of the vagaries of his own heart.

He was in love, indeed; but for months past he had been unable to fix the blame for this sweet fever indisputably upon any one woman. He had written verses,—gay, tender, flattering, but not *too* ardent,—to Phanion, to Zenophila, to Antecleia; but most of all to Zenophila. At the same time he had given his companionship, with the choicest treasure of his dreams and aspirations—but no verses,—rather conspicuously to Rhodanthe. Zenophila, and the others, had of late come to crave more of the companionship; while Rhodanthe had begun to ask for verses. So it came that each one was more or less ill-content, both with Meleager and with herself. Nor was Meleager in better case than the others, save that he knew one thing that none of the others could be sure of,—*videlicet*: that he did not himself know what he wanted. Obstinate tempORIZING, he waited and waited, in the faith that one,—which one he durst not guess,—would end his uncertainty by coming to seem so desirable that all else would be forgotten. Meanwhile, being stimulated and robbed of repose, he was writing with a splendid fertility, turning out lyrics, epigrams, idylls, of an impassioned perfection destined to make them the chief ornament of declining Hellas. Thus pleasantly occupied, he overlooked the fact that to others the situation was in many regards less profitable.

When, therefore, without collusion, without warning, and within twenty-four hours of each other, both Rhodanthe and Zenophila made their adieus to his dilatory love, he felt himself deeply wronged. Had it been either one, he might have convinced himself that that one was she whom his love was just about to elect to an undivided throne. But the defection of both at once left his sore heart and

shaken vanity nothing to do but persuade him that both were unworthy. Zenophila, having perhaps a surfeit of verses, had transferred herself to a lover less interesting and certainly less distinguished, but more concentrated. While Rhodanthe, with a firmness of which he had never guessed her capable, had shifted their sweet intimacy to a basis of tepid friendship, and diverted her enthusiasm to the writing of the poems which she had been unable to inspire. Meleager had lain awake two nights long, cursing impartially the persistence of the cicadas and the evanescence of woman's love. The others, who had not forsaken him, were for the moment forgotten, while he wrestled bitterly with an unaccustomed problem. Had his delay won him an inestimable escape, or had it lost him an inestimable boon? When he came to the temple in the clove, and sat down on the seat of Simonides to write, he was no nearer a solution than before. It was Zenophila's hair that he had thought of when the violets and the myrtles breathed together on his face; but the very next moment, with a qualm of longing, he remembered Rhodanthe's hands.

The path down the clove was one familiar to his feet, and Meleager followed it with unseeing eyes, on a vague impulse to seek the open sand, the open sea, the simplicity of a straight and wide horizon. As he passed the first of the rock-rimmed, hidden pools at the foot of the clove, a sharp cry of fear came to him from behind the screening myrtles. The voice was a girl's voice. "I am coming!" he shouted in reply, running lightly up the rocks and swinging down into the basin.

What he saw was a tall, shrinking girl, standing on a stone half out of water, and staring at him with wide eyes of terror. Her dark hair hung wet and loose over her white shoulders.

One long, white, rounded arm was bare,—it clutched the robe of dull blue wool which she had gathered hurriedly about her. Her slim white feet gleamed like white flowers on the rock.

She stood but a step from the shore, at the only practicable exit from the pool; and on the ledge just before her Meleager saw the cause of her alarm. A coiled adder lay there, with uplifted, threatening head.

"Don't be afraid, child!" said he, kindly but unregarding. He found a stick among the myrtles, killed the snake and tossed it aside, and then moved away with a preoccupied air as if utterly unconscious of the transcendent picture which fate had wasted on his careless eyes. In reality those eyes—the physical, mechanical lenses of his eyes,—had carried away the picture in every inimitable detail; but his resentful mood would not permit him to be interested. Seeing her gratitude unheeded, her beauty ignored, the rich romance of the situation so blindly let go by, the girl flushed crimson, there in her fair solitude. Then her face cleared, and a smile half threatening and half tender curved the red bow of her lips. Speaking toward the myrtles which had just closed upon his going, she said softly: "Meleager of Gadara, Meleager of Tyre, Meleager the pride of the Cyclades, you are a great poet, in truth, but for all your poems I do not think you know women very well!"

Then, having made a careful toilet among the myrtles, up-coiling and fairly filleting her damp hair, she went slowly down to the sea, passed close to the spot where Meleager stood moodily staring at the waves, and disappeared around the point into the next cove. If Meleager saw her as she passed, he gave no sign. He had forsworn all women,—even women so fair as this tall maid of the myrtles.

On the day following, as Meleager

again came down the hill to the temple, he met the tall girl coming up the path. His epigram was still unfinished, but he was now much occupied therewith, the biting phrases and subtle cadences evading capture in his brain. He stepped aside among the red cyclamens to let the girl pass. She half paused, irresolutely, as if to thank him for his help of the day before; but his mien was not encouraging. He bent his head courteously in recognition, but his eyes, clouded as if with dreams, seemed to look through her without perceiving her. She flushed again, bit her red underlip, and passed swiftly up the path.

Meleager went on to the temple steps, and presently finished the verses in a manner that was much to his satisfaction. Little as he had heeded the tall girl, it seemed to him that her passing had in some vague way helped him with his song. Indeed, when the epigram was completed he found a little flame of lyric impulse left over, so to speak. Thereupon he wrote some lightly-singing verses of nothing but the old temple, the myrtles, the cyclamens, and the blue, swimming air,—and turned him homeward in the afternoon much more at ease in his heart.

On the noon following, as he again approached the temple, he took approving note of the myrtles and much commended the violets. Then, lifting his eyes, he stopped abruptly. His accustomed seat was occupied. This of itself was not enough to account for the vexed haste with which he turned aside, roughly parted the myrtles, and strode on down to the sea. He had none of that species of little vanity which might have led him to consider those steps sacred to himself and the memory of Simonides. Often enough before, on finding them occupied, had he betaken himself cheerfully to other retreats no less favorable to his gra-

cious and unexact muse. But to-day it was the tall girl of the pool who was sitting on the steps—and beside her a ruddy boy who, as Meleager noted, devoured her with his happy, adoring eyes. She herself, with bent head, and dark hair falling forward, read diligently from a scroll. She did not look up; and Meleager, turning away with what he declared to himself was mere courtesy, could not divine that the poems on the scroll were the poems of Meleager of Gadara.

As he went down the clove, Meleager now thought intently of the girl whom, hitherto, he had but permitted to think of him. The pictures of her which had lain unheeded in his heart now flashed into sudden, piercing brilliancy. He saw the white roundness of her wet arm, holding the blue garment across her breast. He felt the deep light of her eyes, as they lost their look of terror and rested upon him with something enigmatic which now, in this whim of remembering, moved him strangely. Again,—and this time with compelling insistence,—her slim white feet shone like flowers on the wet rock.

"She might have come alone to the seat of Simonides, with her scroll of foolish verses," he thought to himself, forgetting how little he had encouraged her to any such kindness; "but to bring that rosy moon-calf!" And for an hour he meditated irritably on the incomprehensible caprices of women, who, when themselves intelligent, can interest themselves in the most callow and uninteresting of men.

"As to mere youth!" he muttered, irrelevantly, eyeing his face in a still pool, "I'm young enough myself,—yet old enough to be something less of a fool than I am!"

When he returned up the clove and passed the temple steps the tall girl and her boy gallant were gone. With a certain discontent vexing his spirit Meleager went on up the hill and over

the ridge to his villa in the neighboring valley.

The next day he came early to the temple; and he stayed till the blue air melted to amber and amethyst about the temple columns; but the tall girl came not at all. For three days more she came not,—neither to the temple steps, nor to the yellow sands running into the peacock sea. And in those three days, though the sun was as clear and the west wind as soft as ever, to Meleager it seemed that the Aegean summer lacked something of its old magic. He was puzzled, troubled. He was writing nothing. He had forgotten Rhodanthe's hands and forgiven Zenophila's hair. Of her whose deep eyes he remembered, he knew not even the name.

On the fourth day, hoping to change this dull tide of adverse fate, he descended his own valley to the sea, climbed around the dividing promontory, and entered the clove from seaward. As he mounted toward the temple he paused desirously, being fain to tantalize his heart with the husks of remembrance. As he sprang up the rocks the myrtles above him parted, and the girl appeared.

She looked down upon him indifferently, yet with that something in her dark eyes which moved him; and for some moments he could find no word to say. Then he stepped up to her side, and saw the pool shining softly below them. She followed his look, down to the stone on which she had stood that former noonday; and she smiled.

"Did you call?" he asked, fearing lest if he kept silence longer she might vanish.

"No!" she answered. "Since a brave man killed the snake, I have had nothing more to fear in this valley."

"Why have you stayed away so long?" he demanded, impetuously.

"What reason had I to do otherwise?" she retorted.

"I missed you! I came every day to seek you!" he went on.

She looked at him through half-shut eyes. "Yet when I was here you saw me not at all," said she.

"I saw you. But I could not speak. I was deeply troubled!"

"Poor boy! Which one was it this time?" she murmured, mocking his earnestness.

He looked at the sandaled, slim feet, white under the blue fold of her garment. "I have forgotten!" he answered, simply.

"Much practice has taught you the speech that pleases women," said she.

"Passion can supply the place of practice," he answered, taking her hand. "To me this valley,—the temple, the myrtles, and the sea,—lost all their loveliness in losing you."

She withdrew her hand, not unkindly, and leaned her head sidewise as if to consider.

"I think," she replied after a pause, knitting her brows, "you said something like that, very beautifully in a poem to Zenophila. I was reading it with young Ctesiphron the other day, yonder on the temple steps. Or, was it in the verses to Anticleia?"

Meleager gave her a slow look.

"She knows me," he thought. As for her gentle jibing, he felt that there could be no seemly retort to it, so he chose silence as the weapon of discretion. After waiting in vain for an answer, the girl spoke again.

"The ladies of your love have lovely names, all of them."

"What is *your* name?" he asked, abruptly.

"My name is one much too beautiful for me," she replied, "I cannot live up to it."

"Whatever it were, your answering to it would make it beautiful." His voice was growing fervent. She nodded approval.

"I have not seen that in any of the

poems,—so far,” she mused, aloud. “And it is even possible, the circumstances being so different, that he has never *said* it before.”

“Tell it to me,” he urged, ignoring the barb of her raillery.

“Heliodore,” she answered.

“Heliodore,” he repeated, softly, after her. “Heliodore! Heliodore! And that is the name my heart has been all these days demanding. My verses would not come, because I knew not that name. It is more beautiful even than I had dreamed it.”

“It will go well with the others, will it not?” she murmured, as if speaking to herself. “Demo, and Phanion,—Anticleia, and Timarion,—Zenophila, Lycænis, *Heliodore*. For the uses of a poet it is as fair a name as any.”

Her mockery was in itself a caress. It thrilled him, and his breath came chokingly. She was so still, so wonderful, so cool,—and yet, he felt, not cold to him utterly. Once more he possessed himself of her slender, passive hand, and this time crushed it to his lips.

“Do not talk of those others,” he cried passionately. “Do not taunt me with my follies, which have been many.”

“Follies, surely,” she agreed. “They would all say as much by now.” But she let him keep her hand.

“Do not torment me! I love you!” And he captured her other hand.

“Did they torment you?” she questioned, seeming to wonder. “And is that why they are forgotten? Or, did they *not* torment you, and is *that* why they are forgotten?”

His face fell. His eyes grew troubled. He dropped her hands.

“I wonder if they like to be forgotten,” she went on. “I wonder if it is because you loved them, that they are so happy now,—Phanion, Anticleia, and ‘those others.’”

“I must seem to you,—since you

know me, alas, so well,—a most unworthy, heartless kind of a fellow,” he said, humbly. “It seems to me I *am* an unworthy kind of a fellow, indeed,—but not heartless.”

“I wonder if that would make *me* happy,” continued the girl, still pondering. “Anticleia,—Heliodore,—and ‘those others.’ Is it that way happiness lies? Did you say you—*loved* me?”

“I said I loved you,” he answered, looking at her with serious eyes. He knew that he spoke the truth. This was that swift certitude which for years he had craved in vain. “I know it is the truth. With them, I thought of myself. With you,—I think of you. Since my love means unhappiness, I leave you.”

For an instant he leaned over her, till his lips just brushed her hair. Then he turned sharply, and strode off up the clove without looking back.

She gazed after him, not stirring even a finger for some moments; and while her lips laughed her face was as though a light shone through it from within. Then swiftly, but noiselessly, she followed him.

Where the myrtles were thickest, where the path emerged before the temple steps, she overtook him and laid a lightest hand upon his arm.

“No, do not go,” she said, as he turned, trembling. “Who am I that I should set myself above ‘those others’ whom your verse has made immortal? Who am I that I should demand to hold the glory of our isles a captive in these poor hands?”

He held her face up to his and looked down into her eyes.

“Who am I, indeed, that have known myself so long, to dare to protest and promise!” he cried, with sober passion. “But I *believe* I love you. I believe—it will be different.”

“It *will* be different,” she answered, laughing up at him though her eyes

were full of tears. "It will be different. For five years I have loved you, watching you come and go on the street and in the market-place, listening for your name, desiring that your eyes should fall upon me, envying 'those others.' Now, for five weeks you shall love me. Then I go away to Mitylene."

"Do you, indeed, go away to Mitylene?" he laughed, joyously, leading her up the temple steps. They stood among the broken white columns; and the fig tree leaning from the cleft roof dropped sharp, dark shadows upon

them; and the west wind breathed softly upon them. And Meleager thought not at all of the scent of the myrtle and the violets, for the long hair of Heliodore was blown across his face.

Thereafter, as may well be seen by a reading of his verses, Meleager was right when he said he believed it would be different. Even a poet of the very modern type of Meleager of Cos may be restrained from inconstancy under certain imaginable conditions.

And so it came to pass that Heliodore of the Myrtles went not to Mitylene.

## M. A. C.

BY YONE NOGUCHI

SHE gathered sobs of Autumn,  
 Her eyes opened to every shape of sorrow  
 As in the moment of farewell with life:  
 Her life was a black December night.  
 She learned to spell the words of tears  
 Before she was born, her radiant sad voice  
 Was like that of a midnight star.  
 As the silent moonlight over a weary rose,  
 The darkness strangely wrapped her thought.  
 Her face struggled to choose one saddest dream  
 From a thousand dreams which hung like clouds.  
 She walked in the night land abandoned by Light,—  
 A hollow echoing the cry of Death  
 Where gray phantoms wandered by.  
 There was nothing more dreadful unto her  
 Than speech of man: she had fled from it  
 As from Winter storm; she was glad to die  
 As a Summer night breeze into the golden bosom of the moon.

## Mother Hubbard

BY THOMAS WALSH

GOOD Hubbard, who can tell thy poor dog's plight  
Save Humperdinck in mimic roundelay?  
Who paint thy cupboard but Teniers? Portray  
Thy homely features but Frans Hals by right?  
As for the bone—delicious oversight  
Of scribe and painter—shall the annals say  
'Twas stolen by the thieves or elves away,  
Or slyly eaten by the dog at night?  
Yet food is here for thinking: we, who wait  
Impatient for some cupboard to uncloze,  
Mayhap already have licked up the plate  
Of life and idly dream upon a bone,  
Until Dame Fortune, like old Hubbard, throws  
Her coffers wide to show our treasure flown.

## The Rivals

YESTER-YEAR (*old school*).

P RITHEE, stripling, have a care; thou hast jostled me in thine erratic course. I, too, was once young and that was my undoing; now have I reverted—being full of years, and other things—to the classic and sane and Pecksniffian, and though my robe be decked-edged in appearance, if you look closely you will perceive that the hand of Time hath reselvaged it, that thus no modern digressions, under the guise of Progress, may untwirl the threads of prescribed Form.

Gadzooks! we marvel at your presumption. Age before youth; now stand aside to revere and imitate those whom you may not expect to surpass.

MODERNITY (*new school*).

Your pardon, worthy Pedagogue; we are the progeny of Crystallized Thought and the young Goddess Innovation, and our garments are woven on the loom of Change, that ever weaveth swiftly and hath no limitations. We rhyme not, neither do we scan, and our thoughts run before our words. We move in the ether of Unrestraint, untrammelled, and from complexity we would evolve simplicity; but we would not forget the deference due to Age, so now, since we must not tarry and would not rudely precede you, we will—saving your stilted presence and pedestal of Uniformity—take graceful flight over your denuded pate, in order that we, too, may some day *arrive*, formulated—and patronize Modernity.

*Au revoir.*

# The Catholic in Fiction

BY JOHN J. A'BECKET

IN the initial number of *THE READER* Mr. Bernard G. Richards set forth in lucid and instructive fashion the attitude of Jews in regard to their appearance in fiction. He explained that it was multiform by reason of the "so many contrasting stages of circumstances, intelligence, culture and position." One form, it seems, is resentment at the invasion of their personalities in these literary portrayals. The Jew is sensitive and desires to be left alone, especially in his spiritual pursuits. "The Jew does not feel as if he can be confidential with the world. . . . In literature, he has been so maltreated that he does not believe much good can come from it." Another not universal, but class feeling, is the dislike opulent and aristocratic Jews entertain for pictures of low Jews in fiction, as they fear being glanced at as of the same family.

It is evident from this article of Mr. Richards, that the note of the Jewish attitude toward their presentation in literature is a very personal one. Whoever, Whatever, Wherever, Whenever the Jew is found, rarely, if at all, are the racial traits obliterated in the individual. It is not his religion, it is himself that the mind pictures when the word "Jew" is uttered. What more natural, then, that his wonted ground for resentment at the setting-forth of himself in books, or on the stage, is shown to be not in

his religion so much as in his intense self-consciousness? "The phenomenal conceit or the sublime egoism of the Jew is perhaps responsible for his wonderful survival," says Mr. Richards, himself a Jew and an intelligent one, as his article proves.

For several reasons this reference to Mr. Richards's straightforward paper on the Jewish attitude towards the Jew as represented by writers, is in order when considering the feelings of the Catholic toward the presentation of Catholics, or Catholic doctrine, in literature. The Catholic Church is the successor of the Synagogue: the orthodox and practical professors of either faith are thoroughly permeated by it; yet the Catholic attitude in this respect is absolutely the opposite of the Jewish. This can hardly be wondered at when their respective characteristics are so antipodal. The Jew's affiliation to his church is written in his physical being. The Catholic is discernible as such by no physical traits. Their very incorporation into the Church is, in the case of the Jew, by circumcision, a rite that leaves its indelible physical impress: in the case of the Catholic, by Baptism, a sacrament bestowing a no less indelible "character," but impressed on the soul only, and nowise visible save to spiritual perception.

The sentiments of the Catholic and of the Jew, then, in regard to their literary treatment, is no less markedly

different. The Jew's is strongly personal: the Catholic's is impersonal. The Catholic approves or condemns portrayal of the Church and its members in literature, whether fictional or historical, simply as it accords with the truth: namely, whether the teaching of the Church, and the *modus agendi* of those who profess its faith and live up to it, are correctly presented. The very catholicity of the Church, not alone in its diffusion as to time and place, but far more as regards the "all sorts and conditions of men" eligible to its membership, makes that the one assimilating element in Catholics which specifies them as a class. But in this one assimilation, theoretically—and, too, as a matter of fact, if typical Catholics are considered, as they certainly should be in this discussion—they are all as like as peas.

In every other respect, they are as subject to individual variation as human nature itself. Logically, then, the norm by which they appraise Catholic portraiture in literature, whether of faith or of manners, is its accordance with the Catholic religion. Obviously, however, the character of individual Catholic approval or disapproval is largely colored by personal idiosyncrasy, something that involves no contradiction of the preceding statement.

One other point that should not need to be insisted on after what has been said is this: Whoever has received Baptism and has never apostatized or been excommunicated, is a Catholic, though his life may be a scandal, and his faith be to him only for his greater condemnation. The attitude of such in the matter under consideration is deservedly negligible. The Catholic, as understood here, is the true, devoted, practical exercitant of his faith.

To-day, happily, the virulent, big-

oted Protestant manner of regarding the Church, and fulminating judgment on it, has greatly waned, and enjoys slight vogue even in provincial circles. The "Scarlet Woman," the Pope as "Antichrist," the "priest-ridden Papist," the "ignorant Irish servant-girls" as "dupes of the priests," are not rolled on the tongue with such unction, or sense of crushing condemnation. Always cheap calumny, it is now rated banal. Decent and cultivated Catholics could experience nothing but supreme disgust over the "Revelations" of a Maria Monck, or like "fiction." Similarly the notions and malevolence with which Eugene Sue, for instance (and to-day his worthy successor, Henry Seton Merriman), represents the Society of Jesus, or Jesuits, in "The Wandering Jew," arouse indeed contempt for such shameless perversion of truth, but are looked on as the hectic ebullition of bigotry and ignorance. Although prurient expositions of conventual life or the hoodwinking of the people by the priests seem to have died out in literature, distorted ideas about the Jesuits are as virulently false as ever, as shown by such recent books as Zola's "Truth," Oxenham's "Flowers of the Dust," Merriman's "Slave of the Lamp" and Gwynne's "Pagan at the Shrine." But the Jesuits are too close to what is Catholic to escape misrepresentation, so long as the Church shall be maligned.

A Catholic is scarcely disturbed over these effronteries of prejudice, though he is strongly moved by subtler, more dignified, and dangerous perversions. For instance, in November, 1901, there appeared in "Harper's Magazine" a poem, "Margaret of Cortona," by Mrs. Edith Wharton. How Catholics felt about that, Franklin Square was not long in finding out, and its temperature must have risen as hot waves of in-

dignant protest rolled in upon it from outraged Catholics. Not indeed that execration of the poem should not have been stirred in any wholesome mind. It is incredible that a writer of Mrs. Wharton's refinement and ability should have taken a canonized saint as the subject on which to exercise such unseemly play of fancy. Ever since Mary Magdalen was redeemed from a life of sinful license to one of sanctity that has bequeathed her to all time as the friend of Christ there have been similar instances in the Church of men and women who agonized their way from the mire of passion to the white heights of Christian purity, to be ultimately blazoned in that supreme "Honor list" of Humanity, the roll-call of the Saints. What wonder, since the Founder of the Church, Jesus Christ, came to call, not the just, but sinners, to repentance! Whatever one may feel about the doctrine and teaching of the Church in this respect, it would seem as if ordinary decency should not have suffered Mrs. Wharton to outrage so many thousands of her religious countrymen by a fantasy that was blasphemous in their eyes. Mrs. Wharton makes this holy woman, after years of repentance, avow on her death-bed a preference for her lover's caresses and the comfort of his impassioned ardor, to the divine love of the crucified Lord whom she had so diligently served for years. Mrs. Wharton is entitled to no consideration for this affront, unless on the ignoble ground of ignorance. She will scarcely claim that for any other rampant excursions into the sanctuary for sensational material.

True, the degree of ignorance about things Catholic, even on the part of seemingly intelligent and cultured persons, is sometimes incredible. A woman novelist of much vogue to-day, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, actually

showed in a story of hers called "A Christmas Witch," printed in "Lippincott's Magazine" some eight or nine years ago, if my memory serves me, that she did not know the difference between the Nativity and the Resurrection! In this instance, any believer in Christianity could have felt no stronger feeling than a humorous disdain for such elementary blundering.

It is where the dogmas of the Church are misrepresented or scoffed at: where the spirit of the Church is belied, and her practices and ceremonial are derided or falsely presented: where the character of her ministers is assailed, that the Catholic feels most resentment; and it is in these respects that he feels calumniated where the Christian believer who is not a Catholic may not. Especially is his vigorous repudiation called forth when the offenders are the more guilty because of their greater intelligence, or knowledge of facts. There are those who deliberately traduce the Church because of hatred of Her and Her august teaching. These, of course, are entitled to no mercy. The temerarious handling of things Catholic by such writers as Mrs. Humphry Ward, or Richard Bagot, arouse the deepest feeling of resentment on the part of Catholics. Both are too familiar with things Catholic to be entitled to the smallest exculpation on the ground of nescience. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" is not for them. Mr. Bagot, an Englishman of good family and fair ability, made profession, years ago, of the Catholic faith, whose shortcomings (to put it mildly) he cattishly vituperates in his novels to-day. In a late work of his, "A Roman Mystery," he puts into the mouth of one of his characters what may serve as an explanation of his own standpoint, though it "writes him down an ass"

that it should. "I accept it," says Helen (referring to the dogma of Papal Infallibility), "as a dogma laid down by the Church, but I do not believe it." Acceptance of a dogma of the Church has no meaning except belief in it. If Mr. Bagot is frankly idiotic enough to fancy that he is a Catholic because he can "accept" the Church's teaching and then scoff at the falsity of the thing "accepted," he of course rules himself out of the field of reasonable argument with any sane person who understands what the Church and its teaching mean.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is far more offensive to the Catholic than the petulant Mr. Bagot, because she is more intellectual; her antagonism to the Church is more virulent, and it is displayed with insidiousness. She gets in her fine work by the obtrusion of a dispassionate, philosophic spirit, with not even a flicker of humor to derogate from it. Take her "Helbeck of Bannisdale," the drastic study of a Catholic layman. He is a good Catholic and consistently portrayed. At bottom, a rather noble character, relentlessly faithful to his ideals, he has the misfortune to fall in love with a cheery young girl considerably his junior, who has been reared in an atmosphere of Agnosticism, and affectively, rather than rationally, is repelled by the Church. Helbeck is a not particularly attractive man, though entitled to respect and no little compassion, in that his idiosyncrasies lend a somewhat unsympathetic quality even to his practice of the faith. The main objection to this book is that Mrs. Ward so deftly saddles on the Church, or, at least, inveigles the non-Catholic reader into so doing, what should be ascribed to the severe, gloomy personality of Helbeck himself. Not that nasty, direct stabs at the Church are lacking on the part of the lady. Here and there,

she puts into the mouths of her characters, or declares in her own gelid, hierophantic way, things about the Church which any Catholic must flout as untrue, or misleading. The more she waxes dogmatic the more is she unendurable, because the more unequivocally maligning. To speak of the Catholic faith as "an inventive and exacting" one is to apply as false and incongruous an epithet to it as possible. "Exacting"—yes! More so than anything in the Universe: for it is the infallible voice of Truth itself, which exacts—can Truth do less?—the utter assent of him who apprehends it. But "inventive"! *Risum teneatis amici*. All that the Church has, or has ever had, or can ever have, is what God himself, the Eternal Truth, has imparted to it; and to its body of Revelation not an iota has been added of the Church's own devising.

Mrs. Ward speaks of the "nauseous hysteria of a Margaret Mary Alacoque"—a Visitandine who has been canonized by the Church. Even the humblest priest of the Church is slow to admit anything phenomenally unusual in woman's spirituality, and no investigation of facts could be more patient, rigorous or searching, than that of Rome when the deeds of one who is proposed for canonization are to be appraised. One might forgive the "nauseous," the delicacy of Mrs. Ward's stomach being an unknown quantity, but the "hysteria" is a brash conception quite her own. In small touches, too, Mrs. Ward is amusingly wide of the mark. No Catholic of Helbeck's ascetic and merciless conscientiousness would let his attention wander to the face of any one at that solemn moment of the Mass when the Host is raised for adoration. Mrs. Ward makes him do this. Again, the Sacrament of Extreme Unction supposes the recipient

ill unto death: yet Mrs. Ward invents a stained-glass window in which a woman "lifted herself in bed to receive the Holy Oil." Even if one's condition permitted of this, it is absolutely unnecessary for facilitating the administration of the Sacrament.

In speaking of a portrait, the gentle author of "*Helbeck of Banisdale*" says, "Its sweet, confiding air stood for all the natural human things that creeds and bigots were always trampling under foot." This is a little rough on the Creed for which St. Vincent of Paul, St. Francis of Assisi, the Curé of Ars, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary stand, to mention only a few out of the multitude of Saints. But this is as just as to call the Rosary "a barbarous and foolish business"—mark the airy Mrs. Humphry Ward touch of that "business!"—or blandly to remark that "the Catholic war with history is perennial"; or again, "The Catholic who is in love with his Church cannot let himself realize truly what the Rome of the Renaissance meant." Mrs. Ward is kindly referred to Pastor and Deniffé, in lieu of a harsher denial of this assertion.

This last remark is singularly odious in its implication. The most intelligent and fervent Catholic can admit, with unruffled composure of faith, or of his love for it, the scandals that have occurred among clerical or lay members of the Church. He knows that not even the Pope is immune against sin. None knows better than the Catholic that sinlessness is a particularly difficult thing in human nature. The pious Catholic is sorely grieved to see such abomination in the holy places. But he does not, like the writers and controversialists who are opposed to the Church, confound the misdeeds of Catholics with the Faith that makes them Catholics, though he estimates more keenly than they the

horror or sin in those whose profession or state of life demand the most exemplary virtue. He knows that no sin pullulates from the Catholic Creed; that all sins are violations of it. It is the lax and indifferent to the practice of their faith who are severest in their judgment of those whom human frailty trips up. The good Catholic, like the good God, hates the sin, but loves the sinner.

One may understand, then, the Catholic standpoint as to all that touches on Catholicity in literary work. It is misrepresentation of Catholic truth and tendencies; false Catholic atmosphere, that wounds him most, and which he protests against most strongly. Of course, fiction that is immoral affects him as it does any adherent of rectitude. If the tendency of a novel is to hurt the morality of the individual or the community, he deprecates it; but so do sincere believers in the multifarious sects. He is not shocked if in some masterly picture of human life, or vivid analysis of human nature, sin, evil, falsehood, treachery, selfishness, or what not of human defectibility, enter in. They enter into the actual life of humanity. If he wants life exempt from these human frailties, there is Alban Butler's "*Lives of the Saints*." Such shortcomings of weak human nature, put frankly and artistically as lights in the delineation of character or as factors in the plot, will not disturb the broad-minded Catholic. The possession of the Catholic Faith is in itself something productive of breadth; though it is quite possible, of course, for Catholics to be narrow-minded, just as it is possible for any human beings to be so. But just as the most intelligent and most devoted Catholics are naturally the most liberal and the most broad, so are they the ones who feel the most strongly, and resent with more vigor, aspersions

on their Faith, misrepresentation of Catholic views, or customs, or tendencies, and most of all, when these distortions of truth are knowingly made, or worse still, craftily disguised, so as to secure the evil result without incriminating their authors of evil intent.

No Catholic is offended at a sincere, conscientious disaffection toward the Church, or open antagonism to it, so long as the opponent is honest in his views and fights fair. Every enlightened, well-grounded Catholic has a vital conviction that he possesses Truth in the supreme question of religious belief, and that there can be no argument brought against Catholic verity which is not susceptible of refutation. If he have earnest zeal for the propagation of the Catholic Faith, he will ask nothing better than an intelligent, equally ardent, but sincere and truth-seeking, opponent. Such a one is far most likely to discover that, with the best intention in the world, he is on the wrong side of the question; and whoso is a real seeker after truth, for its own sake, will not balk at its acceptance once it is discovered, no matter what the cost. "What does it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul!" The world will never know an age in which the Catholic Church shall lack potential martyrs.

When the Hall Caines and Marie Corellis indulge in dalliance with things Catholic, no Catholic will lose his sleep o' nights on their account. Writers of this kidney who bear down upon the Church are like the tiny insects that impinge upon the globe of a dazzling electric light. They may slightly obscure its rays, but are apt to perish themselves. Such writers only brush, like wanton children, against the fringes of Catholic Verity, noting little, and heeding less, its deep, inner, spiritual significance.

But there is one writer who claims more notice, not that he is more puissant, but by reason of his greater notoriety and the phrenetic violence of his attacks on the Catholic Church, more especially in his last work, one which will have no successor, since death has checked forever his prolific and vitriolic pen. Emile Zola, in "Truth," though merely vomiting forth calumnies which are decrepit from long service, has made such a cesspool of his rabid arraignment that to ignore him here might seem the evasion of something formidable. Here, indeed, if the Catholic feeling is to be neatly expressed, one may borrow Mrs. Ward's "nauseous hysteria." It is a sentiment which other than Catholics must feel, when they read the purulent gush of this exquisitely misnamed novel.

M. Zola has confided to the public a few things about himself which it may be seasonable to recall here as *prænotanda* to any strictures on the book. "Hatred is holy," wrote Zola, in 1886. "It is the indignation of strong, powerful hearts, the militant disdain of those who are vexed by mediocrity. To hate is to love, to feel one's soul warm and generous, to live largely on the contempt of things absurd and disreputable. Hatred comforts, does justice, ennobles."

Accepting this pleasant paradox, Zola's "hate" must have been so surfeited with "comfort," "justice" and "nobility" by its bounteous outpour in "Truth" that even his warmest admirer need scarcely regret that Death prevented its gorging itself on more Gargantuan largess in the projected "Justice," the fourth of his *Evangelists*, "Fecundity," "Labor" and "Truth" being the other three.

Writers of distinction have expressed their views on M. Zola with such vigor and clarity that a few quotations from them will sufficiently exemplify the

Catholic attitude in his regard. Anatole France, after the publication of *La Terre*, wrote: "His work is bad, and he is one of those unfortunates of whom it may be said that it were better he had never been born. Never had a man made such an effort to degrade humanity, to insult all love and beauty and to deny all that is good and wholesome. Never had a man so ignored the ideal of mankind. Many weaknesses, even many faults and errors have their touching beauty. Their sorrow is sacred. The sanctity of tears is at the foundation of all religion, and misfortune elicits sympathy for its victim. But M. Zola knows naught of this. He does not know that the Graces are decent, that philosophical irony is kind and indulgent, and that human beings inspire the well-regulated mind with one of two sentiments: admiration or pity. M. Zola is worthy of sincere pity."

Whether M. France would maintain this last assertion after a perusal of "Truth," is open to reasonable doubt. There is such a frenzied display of Zola's favorite virtue, hate; its expression is so deliberate, so calumnious, so gross, so wearily diffuse that if he rouses pity in the heart it must be only that which a rabid lunatic might inspire.

Before Zola went to Rome, he said: "There is no reason why the Pope should not receive me. But if needs be, I shall go farther." The Pope did not receive Zola and Zola did go farther. In fact, it is no injustice to his gifts to believe "Truth" the absolute limit of even his prurient maliciousness. Even the most prejudiced in his favor must cry out against the motley throng of debased Catholic clerics and laymen, so absolutely unrelieved by one decent soul, which swarm in the pages of "Truth." Such an undiluted mass of deviltry would have been self-extinguished.

Another remark of M. Zola's is in order here. "A work of art," he said, "is a corner of creation seen through a temperament." *Voilà tout!* "Truth," more than any other of Zola's works, is a dark "corner," of his own "creation," seen through his "temperament," equipped with glasses of singularly magnifying power. One may also bear in mind his ardent eulogy of Hate, and his overt threat of what might follow if the Pope dared to deny him audience. Surely, the calm pertinacity with which the Immortals closed the door of the Academy in his face at his every approach might have insinuated doubt that the door of the Pope's Audience Chamber would swing open for him with too ready hospitality! Pierre Suau, in an article on Zola (*Etudes*) says that "wishing to mislead the prudish Academy, he had the power and ability to write three hundred pages, not one of which is sullied by even a coarse word (*Le Rêve*). However, Zola was too unfamiliar with decency to be expected to deal in it more than once. Zola's productions are false, impure and bad. His philosophy, not only weak but null." Zola himself said: "A philosophical system has always frightened me." What wonder that with his "ennobling hate" against the Church, he should have drawn as vile a picture of its ministers and itself as even his mind could conceive. "Truth" is primarily devised to exploit yet more the Dreyfus Case. But M. Zola, by a happy device, has made all the agents of crime and injustice in the book Catholics, thus accomplishing two objects dear to his heart.

It is good to bear in mind in estimating the value of the colors spread on this portrayal of the Church, how Zola's painting of his countrymen is regarded by such Frenchmen as Anatole France and Pierre Suau. "His soldiers, peasants, laborers and citizens are not the soldiers, peasants, laborers and

citizens of France." But then Zola says himself in *Mes Haines*: "For many, realism consists in the selection of a vulgar subject." Suau notes that "he is so conscious of painting beasts instead of men that habitually he applies bestial terms to his characters. . . . But he could not reproduce what actually is: he has only seen things through the medium of his own temperament; he subtracts, adds, modifies, in fact, gives us a world of his own invention. . . . Zola has ignored the three most sublime things in the world: God, liberty and beauty."

If Zola was thus affected toward portrayal of secular subjects in regard to which his "ennobling hatred" was more in abeyance, what wonder that in "Truth," where it was straining on the leash to jump at the throat of everything Catholic, that there is some undue and personal emphasis in the picture drawn.

To show the worth of M. Zola's appraisal of things—the value of his portrayal of them may be left to the "horse sense" of his readers—one or two of his sentiments deserve quotation. "All so-called revealed truth is falsehood: experimental truth alone is accurate—one, entire, eternal." One might as well get what pleasure he can out of M. Zola, and remember!—"he himself has said it"—he had a naïf shrinking from philosophy! So don't shake too roughly those resonant epithets of experimental truth—"one, entire, eternal." It is a trinity of epithet too pretty to be disturbed. The worst foe of Zola could be tempted to do no more to it than dust it off that its shining force should not be impaired.

Here is another gem which might lead one to wonder, darkly, if M. Zola had sniffed around the Higher Criticism. "No happiness was possible, whether moral or material, save in the possession of knowledge. The view inspired by the Gospel dictum, "Happy

the poor in spirit," had held mankind in a quagmire of wretchedness and bondage for ages. No, no! The poor in spirit are perforce mere cattle, fit flesh for slavery and for suffering. The happy people will be that which is possessed of knowledge and will. Happy, on the contrary, are those who know—happy the intelligent, the men of will and action, for the kingdom of the world shall belong to them," etc., etc., etc.

The pleasing part of this is that Zola would seem to imply there has been such a universal craving of mankind after the blessedness of "the poor in spirit." It is the Saints who have chiefly lusted after it, and it cannot be that M. Zola would credit them with such influence on mankind, "for ages," as to land it in a quagmire, no matter of what consistency. Where would M. Zola have been as a commentator on the Scriptures in those days when a Greek accent meant Orthodoxy or Heresy?

But there is one thing that Zola makes Marc Froment say—the schoolmaster who is so impassioned for Truth as the great panacea—which is significant. "Yes," he cried, "it is against your Roman Catholicism that I fight—against the imbecility of its teaching, the hypocrisy of its actions, the perversion of its worship, its deadly action on women and children" (it may be remarked here that most of the priests in "Truth" have *affaires* with women, and one of them, Père Théodose, was a perfect wonder of a Don Juan) "and its social injuriousness. The Roman Catholic Church, that is the enemy of whom we must first clear the path. Before the social question, before the political question, comes the religious question which bars everything. We shall never be able to take a single step forward unless we begin by striking down that Church, which corrupts and poisons and murders. And understand me fully, that is the reason I am re-

solved not to allow our Louise to confess and communicate."

Right, M. Zola! It is to your credit, that despite your bad philosophy, your "ennobling hate," your temperamental tendency for sloughs, you have grasped clearly and truly the fact that Christ's Church is the obstacle that you and yours must remove before you can work your will with humanity.

Apology is due for the time and space given to M. Zola. It is only justified in that the majority of mankind, even of those who read, are *not* cultivated, *not* strong in reason: and to them, such books as "Truth," " Lourdes " and " Rome " do harm. He is gone—and his end, as one of his countrymen said, was symbolic of his life. " He had always breathed a foul atmosphere, and at length died in it. " But his books remain. It is not to encroach on the prophet's domain to predict a not remote oblivion to them. There is not enough of truth of any kind in them to be an antiseptic to their self-destructive virus. Monseigneur Bienvenu, that embodiment of Catholic virtue, whom Victor Hugo has enshrined in *Les Misérables*, will outlive Zola's eruption of base clerics. There was the writer who felt human nature: who, if he made his Catholic nun tell a

lie, made her do it, if sinning through lack of faith, with charity and tenderness for a noble, hunted man, in her simple soul.

In conclusion, it may be remarked that Catholics, with all reason, hold Catholic writers most severely to task for any misrepresentation of Catholic verity. They know whereof they speak. And by Catholic writer is understood something more than the " Oh, yes! I'm a Catholic " confessor of the Faith. To have been baptized, to have received First Communion, and thereafter to have the sum of Catholic practices represented by the hope of making a Confession while the undertaker is waiting in the hall is not to be ranged in that class. Hence, those who are not Catholics may be more scandalized by the writings of some reputed Catholics than pious Catholics themselves will be.

The typical Catholic, whose opinion is to be taken as the norm of what Catholics feel about the Catholic in literature, is the one who has not become dulled to the force and obligations and beauty of his Faith: the one whose life, in great things and in small, is tintured by his belief. It is such a one whose attitude toward the Catholic in literature it has been the aim of this paper to set forth.

## Art

BY ERNEST NEAL LYON

**I**N every fragment she perceives the whole;  
In every whole she notes the tiniest part;  
Then bows in reverence to the Making Soul,  
And feels the throbbing of the Loving Heart!

# Countries I Have Never Seen

BY BERNARD G. RICHARDS

## I—FRANCE

*"Others have used their knowledge. Let me write out of my ignorance and show the value of it."*

FRANCE makes me enthusiastic. Enthusiasm is the chief export of France. Feeling is its specialty. Whenever the French people feel like it, they stir a revolution into action. The country has quite a reputation for revolutions. They are a haughty, independent and liberty-loving people, the French are. They have dethroned and beheaded kings, and on the impulse of the moment, put others in their place with the same scenic effects. This is the way they meet the impudence and check the abuses of the rulers. They are ever fighting for freedom, and are proud of the last remains of their nobility. It was in France that the motto of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity was coined, and since then the phrase has been much in use and given a wide circulation in England and this country. Therefore politicians owe an inestimable debt to France.

There are other cities and towns and countries in France, but Paris gets the most advertising; and when I say France I mean Paris, for of the other parts I hardly have any impressions. Paris is the city of exhibitions; it is the city where the French people and other nationalities are perpetually on exhibition. France is the land of art, culture, music and song; and life has been reduced to such a fine art that

hard work is almost unknown. We never hear anything of French bricklayers, but we hear much of French painters. The work of the country must be done by the realistic novelists who disguise themselves as laborers and take any jobs they can get in order to study the conditions of the lowly. Excepting these novelists and the peasants in Millet's paintings, no one works hard in this beautiful land. The hardest task of the peasants is to keep their children on the farms and prevent them from going to Paris. For to go to Paris is the ambition, the desire, the passion of all.

They wish to go to Paris and live the blissful life of the Bohemians. These Bohemians are different from all other people. That is their chief business. They are devoted to art, culture, music, philosophy and grisettes. They live in a world of beautiful dreams, enchanting visions, and blissful forgetfulness, where no one pays any rent. But they spend too much time in that region, and are often rudely reminded of the hard realities of the world and unremitted bills. There are all kinds of Bohemians: some for business, some for pleasure, but the best of them do not know what they are, nor why. From much that we hear and read, it would seem that Bohemians form

a great part of the population of France.

Dramatic art has almost reached perfection in France. The life there is full of dramatic action, scenic effects and artistic exhibitions. Nothing is realistic except the novelists, who make a thorough study of their art. The gay life of Paris is fast depopulating the country, and their writers are urging the people to raise big families, with a hope of increasing circulation of their books.

France is directly across the English Channel and this affords Englishmen an easy opportunity to escape from the boredom of their country.

The workingmen of France always sit in and around the cafés on the Boulevard, dressed in their blue blouses and uniform four-cornered caps, drink absinthe and discuss and cuss concerning the social revolution and the art of the future. We seldom hear of their doing any other work. But they figure quite prominently in realistic novels, where they are always preparing the downfall of the present order of things. They are advanced radicals—have been so for centuries—and such is their progress that they promise to be so for some time to come. They are always revolutionary except when the Czar of Russia visits their country. When he comes they cheer him and, out of deference, refrain from saying anything about Anarchy. When the Czar departs in peace, they entertain some famous Nihilist and give vent to a new set of feelings. The French are also a most ingenious race. They invent some wonderful things; then, with the aid, patience and perseverance of other nations, these things are perfected, materialized, placed on the market and imported into France. Elaborate art in dress is the distinguishing and fatal feature of the French. They make the latest styles for all civilization, originating them

as fast as they can and receiving the blessings of women and the curses of men from all over the world. This constantly changing cycle of styles is an evil as great as that of the vast standing armies of Europe, and causes more war.

Judging from French plays there are more women than men in the country, as there are always several women interested in one man, or one man under the influence of a few members of the more numerous sex. Many women have pasts—they acquire them early in life—and there is not much of a future for them;—still less for the men to whom they tell the eventful stories of their life. Some of these women become consumptive and die very touchingly just as their lovers return from unsuccessful tours of forgetfulness. These women are very good, and to oblige the parents of their lovers they often renounce their only hope of happiness. Like the girls of Japan, those of France are closely circumscribed and rigidly restricted, and they, too, in the course of time, do the best they can not to disappoint their watchful and wakeful guardians. Marriage is responsible for many dramatic situations, as is seen from the plays. It is a most entangling alliance, and the married people live together forever after—because the divorce has not yet been instituted in France.

There are numerous beautiful structures in France: art museums, cathedrals, theatres, towers, palaces and monuments, and showing the sights is the most flourishing industry of the land. The professional guides are a formidable class of brigands who capture guileless strangers and lead them about to show them how to part with their money. Those who are not guides or workingmen—nor yet artists—are either chefs or dancing masters.

The French belong to the Latin race, and this accounts for the Latin Quarter in Paris, where people wear their hair long and their neckties, cloaks and morals very loose. Most of the men are students; some remain so throughout life, and they are all very proud of their poverty. There are many artists in the Quarter, and many people who, from what they say, leave no doubt as to their genius. They all hate their relatives, but cannot earn enough to escape the gross materialism of the age. They love freedom so much that they remain the most abject slaves of pennilessness.

The French are an exceedingly polite people, though they have failed in proving it to Captain Dreyfus. They

adore and ardently imitate their great men in their mode of living; and always bury them with the grandest honors. The French hate the Germans, and import some of their best ideas from Germany. French people, like those of other European nations, have long ago accepted Christianity, and, like them, find it extremely difficult to become Christians. But they attend church, heartily despise those who belong to other denominations than theirs, and do the best they can. There are many young freethinkers in the land, but very few old infidels. No one really knows what becomes of these young unbelievers that disappear. But, of course, many of them are lost in the Latin Quarter.

## To a Good Book

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

COME, friend, and sit with me;  
 We two are company  
 Who, in our calm retreat,  
 Need nothing from the street,  
 Nor opera, nor play, nor dance,  
 Nor club, nor dinner, to enhance  
 The pleasure that it is to be  
 Each in the other's company.  
 You give me everything, while I—  
 I give you nothing, and I sigh  
 Because—what do you say?  
 I love you, and no other pay  
 You ask for your alluring cheer?  
 Is that enough? It is so easy, dear,  
 To love you that it seems to me  
 I give you nothing for your company.

# The Literary Guillotine

## VIII

### *Historical Novelties*

#### DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Hugh Wynne, commissioner in lunacy.

Stephen Brice, suffering from ungrammatical priggishness.

Tom Vanrevel, with the obsession that all readers are fools.

Malcolm Vernon, with a severe case of saccharine garrulity.

Darius Olin, suffering from general debility.

Ralph Percy, with a mania for killing everybody in sight.

*Ex officio:* Mark Twain, Oliver Herford.

Authors and authoresses in waiting (for recognition).

SCENE: Hugh Wynne's sanitarium, Philadelphia.

Hugh Wynne—At the request of the presiding judge of the Literary Emergency Court, I have summoned you from your books, gentlemen, to examine you professionally before you are put on trial for your literary crimes—there is some doubt, namely, of your responsibility for your deeds, and if it can be shown that your mental state is such—

Stephen Brice—One minute, Doctor, for what form of alienation are you going to examine me?

Hugh Wynne—The alienation of money under novel pretences is the crime, I believe, with which you are formally charged; but I shall confine my examination to symptoms of ungrammatical priggishness, a disease which has attacked many of us latter-day heroes.

Stephen Brice—Priggishness, Doctor? Why, I thought that was the

normal, approved state of the hero of a novel.

Hugh Wynne—Mr. Clemens, this gentleman shows no signs of aberration; you yourself have heard his sensible remarks in regard to priggishness.

Herford—Set a prig to catch a prig — But what has that to do with syntax?

Stephen Brice—My sales are my own; my syntax is my secretary's.

Darius Olin—A Daniel come to judgment! I never had a secretary nor nobody to correct my faults. I was raised by a *bachelor*.

Malcolm Vernon—Ah, poor fellow! Now, the *major* portion of my life has been spent with women. Indeed, I sometimes think that my biographer himself was a woman masking under a man's name. Not once, but a thousand times, has he forced me to burst forth into flowery adulation of the

novel-buying sex. "Ah, wondrous and glorious womanhood!" I cry on page 44 of my diary. "If you had naught but the mother instinct to lift you above your masters by the hand of man-made laws, those masters were still unworthy to tie the strings of your shoes."—That's the kind of cheap stuff they like; it pays.

Tom Vanrevel—That's right! Lay it on with a trowel, and you can't help selling. Take my own case. "It was not that she was merely lovely," I say on page 33 of my history, "that her nose was straight and her chin dexterously turned between square and oval; that her dark hair lay soft as a shadow on her white brow; not that the trembling hand she held against her breast sprang from a taper wrist and tapered again to the tips of her long fingers;—not all the exquisite regularity of line and mould, nor simplicity of color, gave her——"

Ralph Percy—Quick, quick, my masters! What is it ails Master Twain?

Hugh Wynne (after a hurried examination)—'Tis naught, I assure thee, only a cloyed palate.

First Author in Waiting—I've seen many similar cases during the reading of my own story, "A Carolina Cavalier." It's never fatal, though; a good dose of the classics will cure it.

Mark Twain (opening his eyes)—Come here, Herford. I want to ask you a riddle. What is the difference between the Reveries of a Bacheller and the smallpox?

Herford—I suppose they're both taken from other people.

Mark Twain—That's a similarity, not a difference. The correct answer is that the smallpox you can get only once, while the Reveries come by the Darrelful.

Herford—You mean by the ink-wellful. But tell me this: why should the author of the Reveries turn shep-

herd if the public ever gets on to him? Because he has always shown such skill in herding the domestic virtues in the pen of platitudes. I lay awake nights thinking that up.

Hugh Wynne—It has the qualities of the nightshade. However, to continue the examination. Major Brice, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has announced that it will boycott all the books of any writer whose grammar is not as pure as his morals. And they're after you.

Stephen Brice—After me? Why I defy you to discover a single case of divorce between subject and verb in the entire dreary length of my biography.

Hugh Wynne—Ah, Major, divorce is not the only evil of which the members of a sentence may be guilty—disagreement is almost equally reprehensible. Better a dinner of verbs, you know, than a stalled writer and disagreement therewith.

Tom Vanrevel—Nonsense! After you've once made your hit, you can write any old thing and it'll go. Look at me!

Stephen Brice—If the Tarkative Gentleman from Indiana will but give his betters a chance to be heard, I should much like to bring this question of syntactical disagreement to a crisis. I defy you to show me one of my relatives out of agreement.

Herford—It's a wise relative knows its own antecedent.

Hugh Wynne—That's a true word, your honor. However, to remove any doubts from Major Brice's mind on the score of grammar, let me cite one or two sentences from his book which have been marked by an expert for this purpose. On page 333 he says: "There were many doting parents, whose boys had accepted the parole, whose praise was a trifle lukewarm, to be sure." The annotator seems in doubt whose "whose" that second "whose" may

be. But it's a delicate matter to interfere between relatives, unless you're mighty certain you know what's wrong yourself. So let's get off thin ice. Here's a better example, page 44—"young Colfax did not seem to be the kind who would relish returning to a young lady and acknowledge a defeat." Major, present participles like to flock together, if you'll only give 'em a chance by not cutting off their tails. It's the little word "nor," however, that plays you the worst tricks. "You, nor the Mayor," you say on page 216, "nor the rest of the grave and elderly gentlemen were not blinded by the light of a royal presence." It's too bad the way these double negatives will creep in. They do it again on page 36, and on page 357: "Sad to relate that her bandages nor her shirts nor her havelocks never reached the front." What do you think of that, gentlemen?

Herford—I should say that a negative well in hand is worth two in a sentence.

Darius Olin (in awed tones)—I never realized there was so much in grammar, before. I've always just slapped down the words the first way they occurred to me. Haven't you, Vanrevel?

Tom Vanrevel—Of course! This thing's all nonsense. I tell you the public's a fool. Didn't they swallow me without question? What better proof do you want?

Ralph Percy—Now, look here, I'm a peaceable man, but I haven't had a chance to kill anybody since this séance began, and I'm not used to going so long without blood.

Malcolm Vernon—What makes you so bloodthirsty, anyway, Captain Percy?

Ralph Percy—Because my biographer is a woman. I tell you, when a woman's bloody, she's bloody for keeps. No Achilles heel business for

her. You remember that fight of mine on the island when I made the pirates elect me their captain? Well, when my biographer was talking over the scene with me, I told her how unreasonable it was to ask me to down so many fellows at once. In fact, I flatly refused the job, until she threatened to leave me to die of thirst on the island—didn't know how to get me off otherwise—so of course I had to yield in the end. Strange what necessity and woman will drive a man to.

Hugh Wynne—Mr. Clemens, one thing at least is clear by this time—Captain Percy is not responsible for his actions. As he himself has said, when a bloodthirsty woman gets the upper hand of a man, there's no telling where she will stop. However, that has nothing to do with Major Brice's case. Has your honor any questions you would like to ask him?

Mark Twain—Well, yes, I might as well take advantage of this opportunity to question him on his German—it is almost up to Miss Corelli's French.

Stephen Brice—My German, sir? Now, that's a point on which I am absolutely *bombenfest*. I once took a six weeks' course in a summer school of languages during my holidays.

Mark Twain—Well, I must admit your German sounds as though it were off for a holiday. However, example is better than precept. On page 84 your friend Richter sings a German song in the following novel manner:

Deutschlands Söhne  
Laut ertöne  
Euer Vaterlandsgesang.  
Vaterland! Du land des Ruhmes,  
Weih' zu deines Heiligthumes  
Hutern, uns und unser Schwert.

Do you know how many mistakes are in those six lines, Major?

Stephen Brice—How many—seven?

Mark Twain—No, sir, it is not quite

as bad as that—but two's enough. The Germans have an ineradicable prejudice against writing nouns with a small letter, even the noun "Land"; and, further, they insist upon calling a protector "Hüter," despite the efforts of American authors to change the practice.

Stephen Brice—Your honor, those were merely mistakes of the compositor. Surely you wouldn't hold me responsible for his oversights?

Mark Twain—Ah, that convenient typesetter—what burdens the poor fellow is called upon to bear! I suppose he's the one also who made the mistake on page 120, and who conceived of the strange Volksmelodie on page 206: "Bemooster Bursche zeih' ich ans,—Ade!" I don't wonder when he heard this, as you say, "a big tear rolled down the scar on Richter's cheek." If he hadn't wept at this abuse of his mother tongue, I'd have lost all respect for him.

Stephen Brice—Is there anything more, your honor?

Mark Twain—Anything more? No, because there's no more German in your book, excepting some "strevers" with a "v" and a small "s." Yet a moment before you had the presumption to assure us that although "the beer-garden by the side of the restaurant to which they went was dreary and bedraggled—inside, to all intents and purposes, it was German." But to come back to English, Herford here was complaining to me of the manner in which you got the subjunctive confused in the protasis of your conditional sentences—

Herford (plucking his sleeve)—Here, here! You've got me mixed up with somebody else. I never so much as heard of a protoplasm. It must have been our colleague.

Stephen Brice—I'm glad you've brought up that question of the subjunctive, your honor. It's a thing I've

never seemed to be able to use correctly. Now, for instance, this sentence: "So absorbed was he in contemplation of this, and in wondering whether she were to marry her cousin, Clarence Colfax, etc." I remember asking myself whether that "were" were right or was wrong. But how was I to know? My secretary was off for the day. In fact, there are lots of those subjunctives in my book that I'm in doubt about.

Mark Twain—And well you may be, sir. Fortunately, however, it's not necessary for an author to be able to write grammatically nowadays; we haven't time for education.

Stephen Brice—That's it, your honor, in order to make an educated man, as Victor Hugo said about making a gentleman, you have to start with his grandfather. And as you know, my wife's great-grandfather, Richard Carvel, wasn't able, either, to distinguish between an adverb and a participle. If you'll excuse me, though, I think I'll lie down on the sofa for a few minutes—I feel my small amount of vitality running low. (Faints.)

Ralph Percy (catching him and laying him down)—Why, this man's dead! Did I perchance kill him inadvertently? Will somebody please write and ask my biographer.

Hugh Wynne (opening the patient's shirt)—My goodness, this is not a man! He's only a lay figure. (Aside.) Suppose they should discover that I'm only a lay figure myself!

Herford—Never count your lay figures before they're patched.

Mark Twain—Well, what are we going to do with this graven image? He looks enough like a man to sell him to the Eden Musee.

Hugh Wynne—No, that won't do, we'd only get his intrinsic value for him, and that wouldn't pay for the cartage. I have a better scheme than

that, and one, I think, that'll work—let somebody say a bad word in his ear and shock him into seeming vitality again. Do any of you know how to swear?

Malcolm Vernon—I used to once upon a time, before I came under the softening influence of love, that is whispered by the sighing winds; of love, that makes men and women like unto gods; of love, that is the burden of the fleecy clouds as they float in the sweet, restful azure of the vaulted sky, of love—

Herford—Here, here, you must have been reading "When Knighthood Was Flowery." Unfortunately the wastepipe is stopped up. Mr. Olin, don't you think you might scare up an oath for the occasion?

Darius Olin—Well, I'm but a rough soldier, but I can do my best. (Leaning over and shouting in Brice's ear.) *Jerushy Jane Pepper!*

Malcolm Vernon—I thought I saw his left eyelid move.

Hugh Wynne—Yes, I saw it, too, but the shock was not great enough. Mr. Olin, haven't you a stronger expletive than that?

Darius Olin—I am but a rough soldier, sir, unversed in the ways of schools and courts, but even my profanity has its limitations. I have given you the best I have.

Hugh Wynne—Well, I don't know what we'll do about it. Our only chance lies in shocking this man into a semiblance of life. Hasn't anybody an oath about him?

Mark Twain—Can't you get one up for the occasion yourself, Doctor?

Hugh Wynne—Oh, my, no, sir! You know I belong to the modern ænemic school of literature, whose blood is without red corpuscles. A novel I should define as a collection of six hundred pages or more of conversation and description, with a minimum of incident and a maximum of padding. You

see, therefore, how impossible a swear-word is to me.

Herford—Couldn't you accommodate us, Captain Percy?

Ralph Percy—No, sir, under no circumstances. When my governess started me on my mad career, she said to me: "Ralph, go forth and multiply impossible achievements, kill as many men as you've a mind to, but never forget your refinement." And I have held her words sacred.

Tom Vanrevel—Here, I'll swear, if it has to be done. We can't waste all day over this lay figure. I'll give him a good strong Indiana oath. *Jimminy-crimminy!*

Darius Olin—He moved that time distinctly. It was a wicked word, though.

Hugh Wynne—Can't you go one a little stronger, Mr. Vanrevel? Just a little bit stronger?

Tom Vanrevel (glancing around nervously)—Are there any reporters present?

Hugh Wynne—No, you're perfectly safe.

Tom Vanrevel—And you all promise not to betray me if I do it?

Chorus—Deal with us as we deal with you.

Tom Vanrevel—Well, then, I'll risk it. Close your ears all of you, lest I shock you. (Shouting into the ear of Stephen Brice.) *Damn!*

Stephen Brice (jumping to his feet)—Where am I? What did I hear? Somebody swore in my presence! Oh, what would Mr. Mabie say to this!

Hugh Wynne—Calm yourself, Major, he shall never hear of it. Nothing but necessity would have caused us to resort to such extreme measures.

Mark Twain—Kindly sit down, Major, and in a very short time I promise to send you back to your book, the support of whose cardboard covers you seem to need, in the manner that certain German army officers are said to

require the support of stays. You ought never to have ventured forth from that haven of the still-born. Pray continue, Doctor.

Hugh Wynne—There seems little need to prolong the examination. By this time, surely, you have gained a clear conception of the mental state of these gentlemen. Should we not spare their relatives further shock?

Herford—I should like to ask Mr. Vernon a question.

Malcolm Vernon—Yes, sir, what is it?

Herford—Mr. Vernon, the eagle is said to be one of the few species of birds, if not the only species, the female of which is larger and stronger and altogether more impressive than the male. Do you see any possible reason for the American people to change its national bird?

Malcolm Vernon—Your honor, time but serves further to demonstrate the wisdom of the Fathers of the Republic, to show the prophetic quality of their minds. The only thing I can suggest is for Congress to appoint a committee to make sure that all the eagles on our flags and coins are eagles.

Herford (to Mark Twain)—What canny answers the man gives! No need to minister to a mind diseased like that.

Mark Twain—And you, Major Brice, what bird do you think most appropriate for National purposes?

Stephen Brice—Well, since our literary men are going more and more into politics, I should suggest the secretary bird.

Herford—Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.

Mark Twain—I must confess, Doctor, these heroes seem as men, knowing good and evil. Surely they must have realized what they were about when they assumed the cothurnus to gain a height not their own.

Hugh Wynne—I'm not so certain of

that, you know, megacephalousness is a very subtle and deceptive disease. Even specialists are apt to make mistakes. With your permission, however, I should like to ask them a few questions as to their views on the novel. Their replies should possess both historical and pathological value.

Mark Twain—Question them by all means. As Virgil exclaims: "*Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?*"

Hugh Wynne—Well, now, Mr. Vernon, suppose we begin with you, working up to the heavyweights. Won't you kindly let us have the benefit of your ideas on the novel?

Malcolm Vernon—With pleasure. I can give you my ideas in a sentence. All this talk about the art of the novel is nonsense. Just remember one thing and you're all right: there are more flies caught with molasses than with vinegar. Do you take me?

Mark Twain—I do, indeed, Mr. Vernon; your remarks are most pregnant. But tell me this—are you not afraid thus to give away the secret of your success?

Malcolm Vernon—Not a bit, I've got the biggest molasses-pot going—not even excepting Cyrus Townsend Brady's.

Mark Twain—I doubt it, but still—So your opinion, Mr. Vernon, is that molasses and literature are synonymous?

Malcolm Vernon—Precisely—it all depends on the size of your jug.

Mark Twain—Pray continue, Doctor.

Hugh Wynne—And now, Mr. Olin, suppose you let us have your views on the question of the novel—they should be original, at least.

Darius Olin—I don't know as I have any views. I should say, just meander along with a paraphrase of the Psalm of Life and an occasional unacknowledged quotation from Sir Roger de Coverley done into Northern New York

dialect—and there you are. If that ain't easy, I don't know what is.

Mark Twain—By George, these fellows speak the truth, at least! They don't seem to mind giving the snap away at all. And you, Captain Percy, what are your views?

Ralph Percy—Well, sir, nothing in this life is perfect, not even the book in which I appear. I should say, therefore, that the novelist's aim should be to get a good story and then to spoil it by piling on the impossible adventures and bloodletting until the reader throws down the book in disgust. It's the way to get people to talk about it.

Mark Twain—There's a good deal in what you say, Captain Percy, a good deal. As for you, Major Brice, I guess we know pretty well your views on the novel, grammatical mistakes and all. You give us the matter in a nutshell, I take it, on page 250 of your narrative, when you exclaim: "Alas, that chronicles may not stretch so as to embrace all the great men of a time." We need hardly waste further time on you.—"Bemooster Bursche, ziehe aus!" And now, Mr. Vanrevel, you are the only one remaining. What is your aim in the novel?

Tom Vanrevel—My aim? Why, to sell it, of course.

Mark Twain—Yes, but aside from commercialism, what should be a novelist's standard?

Tom Vanrevel—With his first or later books?

Mark Twain—Well, with any book. Is there a difference?

Tom Vanrevel—I should say there was! With his first book an author should take the greatest pains possible, and perhaps also with his second. After that, let him insult his readers with any old trash he can sling together—the worse it is, the better. Look at me! Nobody but a fool could have really mistaken me for Crailey Gray, but the public continued to accept the

legend—hence the public's a fool. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

Mark Twain—Doctor, this new generation is too much for me; I give 'em up. When Herford and I were young, if we wrote a rotten thing we sought to bury it out of sight as quickly as possible; now they try to sell it as quickly as possible. I should be glad to have your professional opinion as to the responsibility of the heroes under examination.

Hugh Wynne—That is very quickly done, your honor. Stephen Brice, being, as we have seen, but a lay figure, is of course without the purview both of the law and of medicine. Recalling his reference to Victor Hugo, however, I should strongly advise him to read that poet's production on "*L'art d'être grand-père.*" In the case of Captain Percy, we have seen that his mania for manslaughter has been superinduced solely by association with Bloody Mary; so that he cannot be held responsible. Malcolm Vernon, on the other hand, we must regard as a very sick man, and therefore deserving of our charity—*saccharine garbule*, I tell you, is a disease not to be sneezed at. Indeed, it may be regarded as a form of mental diabetes.

Malcolm Vernon (anxiously)—Is that ever fatal, Doctor?

Hugh Wynne—Only to reputations, sir. But to continue. There remain but two cases: Darius Olin and Tom Vanrevel. The first of these shows all the signs of general debility and literary disintegration, so that it is unnecessary to hasten his demise. Besides, there are distinct signs of the approaching bursting of his bubble. In the case of Mr. Vanrevel, we have a clear instance of the impotence of the law. On the one hand, I could not with a clear conscience take the stand and swear to his irresponsibility—he deserves prosecution for saying the public's a fool and for acting accord-

ingly—but on the other hand, if you bring him to trial, undoubtedly he will plead the truth of his words and will cite the public's acceptance of himself as his justification. So you are powerless.

Mark Twain (sadly)—I believe you're right, our hands are tied. What would you advise, Herford?

Herford—In the case of Major Brice, I think I should advise an operation for disguised *multiform appendices*. The others, undoubtedly, may safely be left to posterity.

Mark Twain—Come let's get out of this as quickly as possible, Herford. Death has always moved me strongly, even if it be only the death of literary reputations. Good-day, Doctor, we are much indebted to you for your kindness in this matter.

Hugh Wynne—Not at all, your honor. I am always glad to use the scalpel on my rivals. I am at your service at any time.

Exeunt Mark Twain and Herford, followed by the crowd of disappointed authors and authoresses in waiting.

## The Master Craftsman

BY MABEL WARD CAMERON

BECAUSE I'm tired of faring on my way,  
 This toilsome journey of my life (and thine),  
 I seek the quiet room, where line on line  
 Old friends look down in pity; and I may  
 Choosing from these, forget sad yesterday,  
 And rest me here, book open on my knee.  
 Thus reading all my soul yearns plaintively  
 For aid throughout the labor of my day.  
 And lo! before my mental vision, clear,  
 Look forth the features of that keen-eyed sage,  
 Who heard the groans of toilers. Mystic, seer!  
 Standing with giant strength and true courage.  
 My soul to his, the master's, feeling near,  
 Draws help from out the printed Kelmscott page.

# The Music of the Wind

BY ISABEL MOORE

IN no other literature does the sighing of the Wind prevail as in that of the ancient and the modern Celtic: and this is because it is so inextricably wrought into the environment and environment of the northern island nature; it is to it a symbol of the freedom of choice, the footfall of a following love, an ebb-child message from the dimly discernible past, and a wave-song of the on-coming future. The worship of the Sun as a veritable god seems to have passed with the passing of the Druids—but the worship of the Wind, with its evanescent rapture and tumult of dreams, lingers on in the heart of man: “the green lips of the Wind that chant the blind oblivious rune of time” are “the signature of symbol,” and Fiona Macleod says that “symbolism is the speech of the soul.” This speech, this Wandering Jew of the elements, bloweth over the uplift countenance of space and across quickened fields and towns grown gray with age. As one of its modern devotees has exclaimed: “Any one can like sunshine; muffs can like sunshine; it takes a gull or a man to like the Wind!” And the gleaming poised gull, with its wings laid out over the buoying wind, expresses that exaltation, that sweeping joy of life, that exquisite subtlety of intent, which is so much more easily understood by Northmen than is a Mignon pensiveness: the symbolism being completed when the bird is borne beyond mortal vision into the remote silence of the omnipresent

heights. Verily, “the Englishman may trample down the heather,” as say the shepherds of Argyll, “but he cannot trample down the Wind.”

This love among the old-time Celts for the sheer element, and circling gulls, is evidenced by that “transformed pagan” St. Columba, who exulted over the “salt sea where the sea-gulls fly;” and a Celt of to-day sings of “the old spell of the sea, the old cry of the wind” throughout the “fable-flowering land,” Ireland, the Lady of Sorrows: and again says, “they are so old, the wind and the rain, so old.” Each of these two knew the wind and the rain and the sea about the island of Iona, where lingered the last sun-worshippers, and were acutely conscious of its burden as well as of its joy. “O King,” says in a certain tale the latter of these enraptured ones, “there is no evil upon the world that the wind does not bring back to the feet of him who made it:” and in that most exquisitely finished piece of work entitled, “The Wind, Silence, and Love,” Miss Fiona Macleod considers the Wind among the other elementals. “To go into solitary places, or among trees which await dusk and storm, or by a dark shore; to be a nerve there, to listen to, inwardly to hear, to be at one with, to be as grass filled with, as reeds shaken by, as a wave lifted before, the wind: this is to know what cannot otherwise be known; to hear the intimate dread voice; to listen to what

long, long ago went away, and to what is now going and coming, coming and going, . . ." and again in the same volume, though not in the same musing: "to love the wind and the salt wave, and be forever mocked of the one and baffled of the other; to live a heart of flame and have the bleak air quench it; to stoop, whispering, and kiss the wave, and have its saltiness sting the lips and blind the eyes: this indeed is to know that bitter thing of which so many have died after tears, broken hearts, and madness." Her consideration of poetry is that it is an elemental—"being in the spiritual life what wind is in the natural life;" and she thinks "that true poets and the silent kindred of poets must often seek remote places, the loneliness of hill or moor, must often listen to the desert wind, the whispering reeds as a refuge from the dull trouble of the habitual life." In the legend of St. Bridget it was thought best to "leave her much alone and let her learn of the Sun and the Wind:" while, as expressive of the pure joy in nature, perhaps that passage in Borrow's "Lavengro" excels:

"Life is sweet, Brother."

"Do you think so?"

"Think so: there's night and day, Brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, Brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, Brother, who would wish to die?"

The Celts were accustomed to swear by the Wind and by the Moon and by the Sun. In this connection there is a bit of legendary history regarding Laoghaire MacNeill, that King of Ireland in the time of St. Patrick, who was buried according to his wish, standing and armed in the rampart of his fort, with his face toward Leinster:—he had made peace with the Leinstermen, ratified with a vow by the Sun and

Wind—and had broken it—and been slain by the Sun and the Wind! In their worship the personification of the Wind was one with that of the Sea: Manannan, "wave-footed Manan," the offspring of Lir, was the Oceanus of the Gael; and frequently availed himself of the royal prerogative to wander in disguise among men. Of him it is said in an old Irish poem:

"after hundreds  
Of victories, of death he died."

The Wind as spoken of by the modern Celtic cult is the most symbolic of the elements: in their use of it as such they far transcend that of the "Creeping Saxons." One tenderly poignant poem is Clarence Mangan's "Gone in the Wind." Another writer sings of "the Wind of death that silently enshroudeth friend and enemy." The verse of W. B. Yeats is instinct with "the homelessness of the sea, and the peace of the restless wave, and love like the wandering wind." His latest volume of verse, entitled "The Wind among the Reeds," speaks of the "great wind of love and hate," and in "The Land of Heart's Desire" we find:

"The wind blows out of the gates of  
the day,  
The wind blows over the lonely in  
heart,"

and further on:

"When the wind has laughed and  
murmured and sung,  
The lonely in heart must wither  
away."

Yeats is peculiarly impressed with the symbolism of love as expressed by the wind: he has much to say regarding—

"All that know love among the winds  
of the world."

The "Little Book of the Great Enchantment" tells us that "Love is a vapour that is licked up of the wind. Let whoso longeth after this lovely mist—that as a breath is, and is not—beware of this wind. There is no sorrow like unto the sorrow of this wind."

Miss Macleod applies her own peculiarly exigent imagery to the possibilities of this symbolism. Throughout all her work concerning the Pagan and Christian twilight knowledge, as well as in her verse and romance, she feels "the wind that would overtake the waves of thought and dream." She speaks of a "wind of sighs," and the "smooth hand of the wind," and the "unaging wind of the Spirit." "The wind folded its wings like a great bird; the wood-breeze crept beneath the bracken and fell asleep." When writing critically of W. B. Yeats she refers to the "wind of the dramatic spirit"; and yet again, to the "wind-way of the leaf." In "The Immortal Hour" the wind and the rain are spoken of as "Blind Eyes" and "Grey Feathers," which Teig, the peasant, thus explains:

"These unknown gods are as all gods  
that are,

And do not love to have their sacred  
names

Used lightly; so we speak of him  
who lifts

A ceaseless wing across all lands and  
seas,

Moaning or glad, and fieth all un-  
seeing

From darkness into darkness, as  
Blind Eyes:

And her, his lovely bride, for he is  
deaf and so

Veers this way and that forever,  
knowing nought

Of her who breaks in tears beneath  
his wings

Or falls in snows before his frosty  
breath—

Her we name this—Grey Feathers."

Certainly this all pervadingness of Wind has fanned into a glowing steadfastness what Du Maurier termed "blood-remembrance" among those writers who have felt upon their cheeks "each sweet wind of Ireland." Its symbolism has become "an unspeakable joy with a margin of pain"; the "cry of a man of Erin," which takes inspirational possession of the truth that "it is a common tongue we speak, though the wave has its own whisper, and the wind its own sigh, and the lip of the man its word, and the heart of woman its silence."

*A man may succeed in literature without references but not without a character.*

# Whom Love Exalts

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN, JR.

SOME time ago there dwelt in the heart of a great metropolis an artist. His canvases were known throughout the world, and before them the people stood and marvelled.

But as they gazed, unconsciously a sense of disappointment came over them and they turned away, for the exquisite work, the marvellous detail, appealed only to the eye, but left the heart cold. Only the artists and critics lingered over them, analyzing his skill, his delicate strokes, his wonderful coloring and the fame he was winning.

And the great artist, understanding, despaired, for he felt that the critics prated coldly, but that the people *knew*. So he studied and worked and watched—and painted yet again. Once more the papers praised, the critics approved—but the people turned away—for it was all the work of the hand; not a stroke was vitalized by the soul.

Now it so happened that a great misfortune came to the artist: his wealth took flight, and he became very poor. He still painted, but none bought. "We are tired of your placid fields, your doll-like faces," they said. "They chill us." But still the man worked on; and as he toiled at his easel from early dawn till gray twilight, he grew embittered; then fame deserted him; then his friends; and then—his youth.

Into the life of the artist there came

one day, as he lay sick unto death, a woman. In his conscious moments he saw her here and there about him, ministering to his wants,—and even in his delirium he was conscious of her presence. He recovered—and the woman was gone.

He painted no more, only stood at the small window of his dingy studio and noted the never-ending procession of faces before him. Day by day he watched for that one face with its deep, tender eyes and its crown of beautiful hair, white as his own. At last it came; and then, after a time—it stayed with him.

Again the artist resumed his work. He was painting a portrait of a woman, the tender little woman who sat before him, her hands folded simply in her lap; and for the first time in his life it was his soul that painted—not merely his hand—and so—the picture was finished.

In a dark corner of the gallery the man and his wife watched. The people came, saw the artist's signature, and passed on. But involuntarily they hesitated, retraced their steps, and then stood motionless before the portrait. Some turned away, but it was only to hide their tears. And in the eyes of the man and woman, silently gazing, the tears were reflected. But the artist's face was radiant, and he stood erect, albeit he was very old, and so, with clasped hands, they walked slowly away. . . .

# Thought Bulbs

BY BERT LESTON TAYLOR

Author of "The Bilioustine"

ONE of the most helpful and inspiring of the year's garden books is "Thought Bulbs," by Gardenia Smart Weed, author of "Soul Wistaria," "Gardens I Have Thought In," etc. It is divided into four chapters, corresponding to the four moods of the author—Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter. Thus, in the opening chapter there is a freshness of fancy, and a verdancy of idea that suggest the annual mystery of Nature's resurrection. Here, then, are a few leaves from

## SPRING.

How I love a garden! Oh, I just love it! What a sanctuary in which to commune with one's soul! I can conceive of a garden without a house—there was none in the Garden of Eden; but a house without a garden—to me it is unthinkable.

Yet think of the number of people in the world that have no gardens, who do not know *Delphinium formosum* from *Narcissus poeticus* or *Specium rubrum*. Think of an existence without sun-dials, box-edgings and pergola! A gardenless life! Can anything be sadder?

I was wondering to-day, while caressing a *Rhododendron maximum*, why it is I have affinity for one flower and indifference for another. Why do

I confess a passion for *Viola blanda*, while *Heracleum lanatum* leaves me cold? Do flowers have souls? The eye, 'tis said, is the window of the soul; potatoes have eyes, therefore potatoes have souls. (Yet scoffers say a woman cannot think logically.) And if the lowly potato has a soul, surely *Narcissus poeticus* is not without one.

"How wonderful is Spring!" I thought to-day. "How symbolical it is of resurrection after death!" I wonder if that idea ever occurred to any one else. I do hope not. I should like to have it for my very own.

Gardening is not learned in a day. You must expect to "make many slips."

A pine tree always reminds me of a cow at rest. It is so peaceful, so placid, so uncommunicative.

Never plant *Dianthus barbatus* in the northwest corner of your garden; it prefers the southeast. Flowers have feelings and preferences. In certain environments they languish, in others they flourish. How like our own life!

I love bulbs. I have a perfect passion for them. Bulbs are so symbolical. And the potentialities locked within the scales of a bulb are almost startling. What may not a bulb become? To me a bulb is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. I can no more imagine life without bulbs than without ink and paper. I am fond even of electric-light bulbs, though of

course one can't plant them. And that is rather too bad, for they might grow up into *current* bushes.

It's odd, but I never see a *Magnolia conspicua* but I think of Van Diemen's Land. I never visited Van Diemen's Land, and I doubt whether *Magnolia conspicua* grows there. Yet somehow I associate the two. Isn't it strange?

I had *such* a happy idea to-day. Why not plant my thoughts, literally plant them? For example, take the thought, "The grass is green": why

not plant flowers so as to form those very words? Thus I might water and nourish my thought, and watch it grow in beauty day by day. And think of a whole garden of such thoughts—flower plotitudes!

Of all my flowers I like best the Poppycok (Poppycokus literatus). Oh, I love it! I never tire of caressing its paper leaves and violet-ink corolla. Whenever I have a thought, I run to Poppycok and tell my secret. And Poppycok understands.

## Picaresque: At the Beggars' Ball

BY THOMAS WALSH

OLD Pablo sighed,—“I've sought your glance  
All evening long, so pray be kind  
And grant me favor of the dance.”

“Señor!” she blushed, “but you are blind.”

“Yet stay,” she murmured, “since you plead,  
We'll tread this gay fandango; come ——”

“Ah, Señorita, thanks indeed,  
But you forget you're deaf and dumb.”

# The Fortunes of Fifi

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

## CHAPTER III

### THE GRAND PRIZE

FOR the first fortnight of the new year, things went swimmingly at the Imperial Theater, and several times the nightly receipts were over three hundred francs. Duvernet wrote and produced a new play, in which he took the part of Alexander the Great; and it was a screaming success. Fifi as Queen Roxana was simply stunning, wearing her alleged diamond brooch in a tiara made by her own hands, of beautiful glass beads. The merry war between Julie Campionet and herself went on as noisily as ever, but there was more noise than malignity about it. When Julie was ill with a cold, Fifi went and cooked Julie's dinner for her; and when Fifi needed a scepter for her part of Queen Roxana, Julie Campionet sent her a very nice parasol handle with a glass knob at the top which made a lovely scepter.

But they did not, for these trifles, deny themselves the pleasure of quarreling, and Duvernet was treated about once a week to a threat from each of them that if her rival were not immediately discharged, the complainant would at once resign. Duvernet received these threats with secret satisfaction, because, as he explained to Cartouche, as long as the war was actively prosecuted, Julie Campionet did

not have time to make a serious demonstration against him.

"But if ever they are reconciled," he confided gloomily to Cartouche, "the Campionet woman will marry me in a week."

As for Cartouche, he attended strictly to his business at the theater, but his mind was so much taken up with certain possibilities of the future that he did not keep the faithful watch over Duvernet which the manager considered as his safeguard. Cartouche was even so inconsiderate as to let Julie Campionet get into the manager's private office more than once, and remain there alone with him for at least five minutes, without interrupting the tête-à-tête.

It was the lottery ticket which in some way grievously disturbed Cartouche's mind. Suppose Fifi should win a prize? And from that supposing, came a kind of superstitious conviction that number *would* win a prize. He found himself, without his own volition, figuring upon what should be done with the money, so as to enure to the greatest benefit of Fifi.

"If it is a twenty-franc prize she draws, she must have a pair of new shoes, and some good stockings"—he thought, for Cartouche knew intimately the condition of Fifi's wardrobe. "If it is as much as fifty francs, the shoes and stockings must wait—it won't do to fool away such a sum as

fifty francs; it must be put aside for a rainy day, for Fifi, in the tin box in the cranny of the chimney"—where Cartouche was beginning to save up also for a rainy day, for Fifi. If it were five hundred francs—or possibly a thousand—Cartouche lost his breath in contemplation of the catastrophe. In that case, Fifi would have a *dot*, but whom would she marry? She knew no one but the men about the theater, and Cartouche did not consider any of them a match for Fifi; but perhaps he was prejudiced. She might, it is true, with five hundred francs to her dowry, marry a tradesman; but how would Fifi get on with a tradesman?

Altogether, it was the most puzzling proposition Cartouche had ever struggled with, and he began to wish the fateful day were over, and that these strange dreams and hopes and fears about Fifi and the lottery ticket would vanish like shapes in a mist, and leave him in peace.

Then, there was that veiled suggestion from the Emperor that he knew something about Fifi's family which might change her whole destiny; and on the whole, Cartouche had good reason to go about looking like a sick bull, which was his way of showing a passionate solicitude for the being dearest to him on earth. And meanwhile, Julie Camponet went hot foot after the manager, and Fifi wondered why Cartouche was so gentle with her and so indulgent with Toto.

The lottery drawing was to be held on the tenth of January, in a large public hall of the *arrondissement*, the mayor presiding. The drawing was to begin at noon, and last until all the tickets were drawn. As the day drew near, Cartouche's fever of excitement increased, and when the morning of the tenth dawned he was as nervous as a cat. He knocked at Fifi's door early, and told her to be ready to go with him at twelve o'clock to the lottery draw-

ing. Fifi responded sleepily, but when the hour came she was ready to accompany him.

It was a lovely, bright morning, and Fifi's looks were in harmony with the morning. The red cloak was very becoming to her, and the black feathers, for which her first thirty francs had gone, nodded over the most sparkling, piquant face in Paris. Toto, of course, was along, led by a long blue ribbon in his mistress' hand; and so they set off.

Fifi had not the slightest thought of drawing a prize.

"As if 1313 would draw anything!" she sniffed. "If you had given me that franc, Cartouche, which the ticket cost, I could have bought a pair of gloves, or a fan, or a bushel of onions—" Fifi went on to enumerate what she could have bought with Cartouche's franc, until its purchasing power grew to be something like her whole weekly salary. But in any event, she liked the expedition she was on and Toto liked it; so, on the whole, Fifi concluded she could at least get fifty centimes' worth of pleasure out of the lottery ticket.

She looked so pretty as she tripped along that Cartouche mentally resolved, if she drew a five-hundred-franc prize, she might aspire to a notary, such as her father had been; and engrossed with the thought of Fifi's possible rise in the world, he was so grumpy, Fifi declared she almost hated him.

They were among the first to arrive, and secured good seats near the tribune. There sat the officers of the lottery, the mayor with his tricolored sash, and several representatives of the government, together with a little fairy of a child, all in white, who was to draw the numbers from the wheel, which was already in place.

The crowd assembled in the hall was an orderly and well-dressed one, but Fifi and Cartouche, who were used to

crowds, felt in a subtle way that it was quite different from the ordinary crowd. Most of the people were, like Cartouche, in a state of acute tension. They were strangely still and silent, but also, strangely ready to laugh, to cry, to shout—to do anything which would take the edge off the crisis.

When the drawing began, and one or two small prizes of twenty and fifty francs were drawn, the winners were vociferously cheered. There was a feeling that the grand prize of a hundred thousand francs would not be drawn until late in the afternoon, and the people were letting off their excitement over the little prizes, waiting for the thunderbolt to fall. But scarcely half an hour after the drawing began, there was a sudden, deep pause—time itself seemed to stop for a moment—and then the auctioneer, who was calling out the prizes, roared out:

"Number 1313 draws the grand prize of one hundred thousand francs!"

Cartouche sat stunned. Like persons near drowning, he saw in an instant, by some inward vision, all his past and future with Fifi; she was no more for him. A great gulf had opened between them. Had it been thundered in his ears for a century, he could not have realized it more than in the first two seconds after the announcement was made. Fifi had a hundred thousand francs; then she could be Fifi, his little Fifi, no more. He saw, in a mental flash, the little store he had saved up in the cranny of the chimney—twenty-two francs. Twenty-two francs! What a miserable sum! A blur came before his eyes; he heard a great noise of men shouting and clapping; women were waving their handkerchiefs and laughing and screaming out of sheer inability to keep quiet. As for Fifi, she turned two wide, innocent, frightened eyes on Cartouche, and stammered:

"Dear Cartouche—shall we really have a hundred—thousand—francs—of our own?"

"You will have it, Fifi," replied Cartouche, and thrusting the ticket in her nerveless hand, he forced her to stand up and show it, which Fifi did, then suddenly burst into a torrent of tears and a tempest of sobs.

Her youth, her beauty, her tears, her humility touched all hearts; and this time there was a roar of sympathy. Fifi's slight figure swayed and would have fallen but for Cartouche holding her up. It was buzzed about on all sides:

"Who is that tall, ugly fellow with her?" Some said her father, some her brother, but no one said he was her lover.

The formalities were simple and brief; the drawing would still take many hours; and Fifi, with her precious memorandum, duly signed and countersigned, to be presented at a certain bank, was once again in the street with Cartouche.

It was a bright, soft January day, the sun gilding the blue river, the quays and bridges, and lighting up with a golden glow the great masses of the Louvre and the Tuileries. Fifi walked along, clutching Cartouche's arm tightly. She had forgotten Toto trotting soberly at her side, and apparently crushed by the hundred thousand francs, forgotten all but Cartouche, who seemed to her the only thing that was not changed in all the wide world. It was Cartouche who held Toto's blue ribbon and who straightened Fifi's hat when it fell over her eyes and she was too agitated to know it. Cartouche proposed to her to stop and rest in the Tuileries garden—but Fifi would have none of it.

"Take me home," she cried. "Take me somewhere so I can cry as much as I like!"

This struck Cartouche as a perfectly

natural way of receiving such stunning news; he himself could have wept with pleasure.

At last they were in Fifi's shabby little room, and Fifi was taking off her new cloak and folding it up mechanically.

"No need to do that, Fifi," said Cartouche, in a strange voice. "After tomorrow you need not wear thirty-franc cloaks any more."

"Oh, you cruel Cartouche!" cried Fifi, and burst into the anticipated fit of crying. She insisted on weeping on Cartouche's shoulder, and even kicked Toto when that sympathetic dog would have joined his grief to hers, for Toto knew well enough that something was to pay, whether it was the devil or not, he could not tell, but rather suspected it was the devil.

Cartouche tried to comfort Fifi—usually not a difficult problem when one has to be reconciled to a fortune—but there is always something staggering in contemplating another state of existence. Neither Cartouche nor Fifi could at once become calm, and Fifi, too, felt in some singular, but acute manner, that the hundred thousand francs stood between her and Cartouche.

"Now, mind, Fifi," Cartouche said, "not a word of this to the people in the theater. Wait until the money is actually in your hands."

"In my hands," cried Fifi, tearfully and indignantly, "in *your* hands, you mean, you cruel Cartouche!"

Fifi had called Cartouche cruel a dozen times since she had drawn the prize, but Cartouche did not mind it. He would have liked to stay with her but there were a dozen things awaiting him at the theater, and Cartouche was not the man to neglect his work. He went off, therefore, and had not a minute to himself, until just before it was time to dress for the play. Then he went to his room, and taking his tin

box from the chink in the chimney, he counted over his twenty-two francs—saved by doing without food and fire.

Clothes and shoes he must have to keep his place in the theater. Duvernet had been a good friend to him, and he could not go in rags, so that people would say: "There goes one of Duvernet's actors. That man does not pay his people enough to give them decent clothes to their backs."

But food and fire were a man's own affairs, and, by keeping on the near side of both, Cartouche had been able to save twenty-two francs in three weeks of the coldest weather he had ever felt. And how little it was! How contemptible alongside of a hundred thousand francs! Cartouche, sighing, put the box back. It was all in vain: those days when he battled with his hunger, those bitter nights when the snow lay deep on the roofs below his garret, and his old, cracked stove was as cold as the snow. And yet, there had been a tender, piercing sweetness in the very endurance of those privations—it was for Fifi. And Fifi would never more need his savings, which thought should have made him happy, but did not.

The next day the whole story was out, the newspapers published the numbers and names of the winners, and it was as if Fifi had been transported to another planet.

Duvernet came first to congratulate her. She was in a cold spasm of terror for fear he had come to tell her that her services were no longer needed at the theater. It seemed to her as if she were about to be thrown headlong into an unknown abyss, and she thought that if she could but remain at the Imperial Theater for a short while longer, long enough to get accustomed to that stupendous change which awaited her, it would become a little more tolerable. And Duvernet himself was so strange, it frightened Fifi. He was so respectful; he did not strut as

usual, and he called her *Mademoiselle Chiaramonti*, instead of *Fifi*. And *Toto*, who usually barked furiously at the manager, did not bark at all, but sat on his hind legs, his fore legs dropping dejectedly, and looked ruefully in *Duvernnet's* face, as much as to say:

"See, *Monsieur Duvernnet*; we have got a hundred thousand francs and we don't know what to do with it, or how to behave ourselves." *Toto*, in fact, had neither barked nor danced nor jumped since he heard the news, and appeared thoroughly oppressed and abashed by his changed fortunes.

*Duvernnet*, it is true, felt some awe of *Fifi* in her new aspect, but the active and enterprising manager was still uppermost with him.

"Well, *Mademoiselle*," he began, trying to assume an airy manner, "I presume we shall have to dispense with your valuable services at the Imperial Theater; you will probably abandon the stage altogether, and certainly our humble place."

*Duvernnet*, before this, had always spoken as if the Imperial Theater were the rival of the *Théâtre Française*.

*Fifi* burst into tears.

"Yes," she cried, "I shall have to go away—and that odious *Julie Campionet*, who can no more act than a gridiron can act, will have all my best parts—o-o-o-o-o-h!"

Then *Duvernnet* played his trump card.

"A few farewell performances, *Mademoiselle*, would put *Julie Campionet's* nose severely out of joint."

"Do you think so?" cried *Fifi*, brightening up at the thought of putting *Julie's* Roman nose out of joint; that, at least, seemed natural and normal.

"If *Cartouche* will let me—" for *Fifi* now, instead of opposing *Cartouche*, seemed unable to come to the smallest decision without him.

"I will see to that," replied the man-

ager eagerly, "and I will also see to it that *Julie Campionet* is made to gnaw the file."

Just then *Cartouche* coming in, *Fifi* besought him to let her act for at least two weeks more; and *Cartouche*, feeling himself that vague, but intense strangeness of all things and people since *Fifi* got her hundred thousand francs, consented. When it was decided, *Toto* laid his nose down on his paws and uttered a short whine of relief, which sounded like grace after meat.

So *Fifi* was to play for two weeks more at the Imperial Theater, the franc seats were to be two francs, and the cheapest seats, fifty centimes. *Fifi* breathed again. It was a respite.

Meanwhile *Fifi* had been formally notified that the money was awaiting her at a certain bank, and she was requested to name a day for the payment to her, in the presence of an official of the lottery, a friend of her own, and a representative of the lottery company. *Fifi*, or rather *Cartouche* for her, named a day a whole month from the day of the lottery drawing. They were both frightened at the prospect of *Fifi's* receiving the money.

She and *Cartouche* resumed their life exactly as it had been before number 1313 was purchased. *Cartouche*, going about attending to his business as usual, thought his head would crack. At the end of the month, what was to be done? He was but little more experienced than *Fifi* when it came to a hundred thousand francs. *Fifi* must find another and a very different home—but where? She must be married—but when and how and to whom? He knew of no one of whom he could ask advice, except one, and he was not easy to reach—the Emperor. *Cartouche* was as certain as he was of being alive, that if he could see his Emperor, and could tell the whole story, a way out of all his perplexities could be found. He

had a shadowy hope that the Emperor might have discovered something about Fifi, according to that mysterious hint he gave the memorable night when he heard her name, but it did not materialize.

At last Cartouche formed the desperate resolve of trying to see the Emperor and telling all his trouble about Fifi. On certain mornings in the week an inspection of the Imperial Guard was held in the courtyard of the Tuileries; and on one of these mornings—a cold, dull, uncertain morning, matching Cartouche's feelings—he went and stationed himself as close to the iron railings of the courtyard as the police would let him. He thought to himself: "The Emperor sees everything and everybody. He will see me, and he will know that I have something on my mind, and then he will send for me, and I will make a clean breast of it; and the Emperor will tell me what to do with Fifi and her money."

The guard was drawn up into a hollow square, their splendid uniforms making a splash of color in the dull gray day, their arms shining, their bronzed countenances and steady eyes fit to face the great god Mars himself. Presently an electric thrill flashed through every soldier and each of the crowd of onlookers, as when a demigod appears among the lesser sons of men—the Emperor appeared, stepping quickly across the courtyard.

He was in simple dress uniform, and had with him only two or three anxious-looking officers; for he was then the eagle-eyed general, who knew if a button was missing or a strap awry, and incidentally read the soul of the man before him. At once, he ordered this man and that to open his knapsack; one piercing glance sufficed to see in it and through it. He had a musket examined here and there, and in a flash he knew if everything was as it should be. The inspection was rapid, but

nothing escaped the magic eyes of the Emperor. All was in order, and in consequence Jove smiled.

Cartouche saw that the Emperor would pass within a few yards of him, and he stood, erect and rigid, at "attention," waiting for the lightning glance to find him, and, just as he expected, the Emperor's eye swept over the waiting crowd, rested a moment on him, recognized him instantly, and as Cartouche made a slight gesture of entreaty, nodded to him. Five minutes after, a smart young aide stepped up, and motioning to Cartouche, walked toward the palace; Cartouche followed.

He did not know how he got into a small room on the ground floor, which communicated with the Emperor's cabinet. He was hot and cold and red and pale, but said to himself: "Never mind, as soon as I see the Emperor I shall feel as cool and easy as possible. For when was it that a private soldier was not at his ease with the Emperor? It is the bigwigs who think they know something, whom the Emperor frightens."

There was a long wait, but after a while the door opened, and the same young aide ushered him into the Emperor's cabinet; and just as Cartouche had known, he felt as easy as ever in his life as soon as he found himself alone with the Emperor.

The Emperor sat at a table, leaning his elbow upon it. His pale and classic face was luminous with a smile as he saw Cartouche; he had no more forgotten the first man across the bridge at Lodi than Cartouche had forgotten him.

"Well, my friend," he said, smiling, "I was about to send for you, because I have found out some surprising things about your protégée, Mademoiselle Fifi; and besides, I see by the newspapers that she has drawn a prize of a hundred thousand francs in the lottery."

"Yes, Sire," replied Cartouche, "and I want to ask your Majesty what I am to do with Fifi's hundred thousand francs."

"Good God!" cried the Emperor, getting up and walking about the room with his hands behind his back, "I know no more what to do with a hundred thousand francs than you do; I never had a hundred thousand francs of my own in my life. I have a civil list of forty millions, which I disburse for the benefit of the state, but it is as much as I can do to keep myself and my wife in clothes. Women are expensive creatures, Cartouche."

"True, your Majesty," replied Cartouche, "and Fifi does not know what to do with money when she gets it—" Then, in a burst of confidence he told the Emperor about the thirty francs Fifi had saved up for a cloak and invested in a little black dog instead. The Emperor threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"This Fifi must be a character. Well, I shall ask Lebrun, the arch-treasurer, to give us his advice about Fifi's hundred thousand francs. But suppose she will not trust you and me and the arch-treasurer with her money?"

"I don't know about the arch-treasurer, your Majesty, but I am sure Fifi will trust you, Sire, and me. But what is to be done with Fifi herself, is puzzling me."

"That can be easily settled, I think. You remember I told you, when I found her name was Chiaramonti, that I might have some surprising news about her. I was, this very morning, contemplating sending for you. Well, this young lady, whom you found crying in the market-place at Mantua, I have discovered is the granddaughter of Barnabas Gregory Chiaramonti, who was the first cousin and playmate, in his boyhood, of Gregory Barnabas Chiaramonti, now reigning over the

Holy See as Pius the Seventh, and at present, sojourning as my guest at the palace of Fontainebleau."

Everything reeled before Cartouche, and he had to hold on to the back of a chair to keep from falling.

Some minutes passed. The world was changing its aspect so rapidly to Cartouche that he hardly recognized it as the same old planet he had known for thirty-five years.

The Emperor waited until Cartouche had a little recovered himself, although he was still pale and breathed hard. Then the Emperor said:

"I shall cause the Holy Father to be informed of Fifi's existence. He is a good old man, although as obstinate as the devil. Oh, I am sure we can arrange for Fifi; and then, Cartouche, how about a husband for her?"

The Emperor, as he said this, looked steadily at Cartouche; but Cartouche, looking back as steadily, replied:

"I should think the Holy Father would arrange that, your Majesty."

"True," replied the Emperor, "but I wish one of my deserving young officers might suit the Holy Father as Fifi's husband. I say, Cartouche, how hard life is sometimes! Now, because Fifi is rich through the lottery ticket you bought her, you can never hope to marry her."

"Oh, your Majesty, that could not have been in any event," answered Cartouche, a dull red showing through his dark skin. "I am sixteen years older than Fifi, and I have a stiff leg, and although I make what is reckoned a good living for a man like me, it is not the sort of living for a notary's daughter like Fifi. No, your Majesty; I love Fifi, but I never thought to make her my wife. She deserves a better man than I am."

"Another sort of a man, Cartouche, but not a better one," replied the Emperor, gently tweaking Cartouche's ear. "I shall arrange for the Holy Father

to be told of Fifi's existence, and we shall see about the hundred thousand francs; and, Cartouche, if you are in any trouble or perplexity, come to your Emperor."

And with that, Cartouche knew the interview was over, and he went away with a heart both light and heavy. For Cartouche was a very human man after all, and the thought of Fifi's having a husband made the whole world black to him.

## CHAPTER IV

### COURTSHIP AND CRIBBAGE

Behold Fifi, a fortnight afterward, installed in a quiet and correct apartment in the Rue de l'Echelle, under the charge of a certain Madame Bourcet, who was as quiet and correct as her apartment. And Madame Bourcet had a nephew, Louis Bourcet, more quiet and more correct even than herself, and he aspired to marry Fifi and her hundred thousand francs.

It was all like a dream to Fifi. The Emperor had been as good as his word. He had consulted Lebrun, the arch-treasurer, who had advised, as Fifi was likely to be provided soon with a husband, that the hundred thousand francs be again deposited in the bank, as soon as it was drawn, less a small amount for Fifi's present expenses. He argued, that it would simplify matters in her marriage contract to have her *dot* in cash—which recommended itself to all who knew, as sound doctrine.

He had also been asked by the Emperor, if he knew of a respectable person who would take charge of Fifi for the present. It would still be some time before the day came which she and Cartouche had named for the actual payment of the money. And besides it was necessary to prepare for

Fifi's presentation to the Holy Father, and everybody, including Fifi herself, agreed that certain preliminaries of dress and custom be arranged for that momentous interview. Lebrun had bethought him of Madame Bourcet, whose deceased husband had been a hanger-on of the arch-treasurer's. Thus it was that the day after Fifi finished her engagement at the Imperial Theater, Cartouche had deposited her and her boxes in the quiet apartment of the quiet Madame Bourcet.

There was one box which she particularly treasured and would not let out of her sight from the time it was put into the van until it was placed in the large, cold, handsome room which was set aside for her in Madame Bourcet's apartment. No one but Fifi knew what was in this box. It contained her whole theatrical wardrobe, consisting of three costumes, and her entire assortment of wigs, old shoes, cosmetics and such impedimenta. Fifi would not have parted with these for half her fortune. They would be something real, substantial and familiar in her new environment. They gave her a mystic hold upon the street of the Black Cat, upon the Imperial Theater, and upon Cartouche, so Fifi felt.

Toto was brought along with the boxes, but met with such a cool reception from Madame Bourcet that he declined to remain; nor would Madame Bourcet admit a dog of his theatrical antecedents in her family. Nothing had been said about a dog; she disliked dogs, because they barked; there was no place for him in the apartment. Toto showed his understanding of Madame Bourcet's attitude toward him by deliberately turning his back on her, and walking out of the house after Cartouche. Fifi said not a word. She was too dazed to make any protest. Cartouche's honest heart was wrung when he left her sitting silent and

alone in Madame Bourcet's drawing-room.

It was a large, dull room with a snuff-colored carpet on the floor, snuff-colored furniture and snuff-colored curtains to the windows, which overlooked a great, quiet courtyard. No wonder that Fifi, as soon as Cartouche left her, rushed into her own room, which adjoined the drawing-room, and opening her treasure box, took out an old white wig, and clasp ing it to her bosom, rocked to and fro in an agony. There was but one thing in the box that was not hers, and that was a wooden javelin which Cartouche had used with great effect in his part of the centurion of the Pretorian Guard. It was rather a commonplace looking javelin in the cold light of day, but Fifi held that, too, to her breast; it was those things that kept her from losing her mind; they made her feel that, after all, the old life existed, and was not a nightmare, like the present.

With the moral support of the wig and the javelin she was enabled to compose herself, and to meet Madame Bourcet and Louis Bourcet, the nephew, and as Fifi shrewdly suspected, the person assigned to become the future owner of her hundred thousand francs. But Fifi had some ideas of her own concerning her marriage, which, although lying dormant for a time, were far from moribund.

For this first evening in her snuff-colored house, Fifi, with a heavy heart, put on her best gown; it was very red and very skimpy, but Fifi had been told she looked charming in it, which was the truth; but it didn't seem to charm Madame Bourcet, when Fifi finally presented herself.

Madame Bourcet was a small, obstinate, kindly, narrow-minded woman, who went about measuring the universe with her own tape line. Louis Bourcet proved to be Madame Bourcet in trousers. Fifi thought, if Louis were

dressed up in his aunt's petticoats and Madame Bourcet were to put on Louis' trousers, nobody could tell them apart.

Before this interesting youth was presented to Fifi, Madame Bourcet informed her that Louis was the most correct young advocate in Paris and had not a fault. After this promising introduction, Fifi hated Louis at first sight; but with that overwhelming sense of strangeness and of being led blindly toward an unknown fate, Fifi gave no sign of dislike toward the most correct young advocate in Paris, and the man without a fault.

As for Louis Bourcet, he thought that a discerning Providence had dropped Fifi, with her hundred thousand francs, into his mouth, as it were. He knew that she had been an actress in a poor little theater; but she was a Chiaramonti, her grandfather was own cousin to the Holy Father, and the hundred thousand francs covered a multitude of sins.

And it was another of the rewards of a judicious Providence that Fifi's money had come to her as it had—dropping from the sky into her lap. There was no prying father, no meddling trustee to interfere with her prospective husband's future control of it. Louis Bourcet was honest, if conceited, and meant to do a good part by Fifi. He contemplated making her exactly like his aunt, in every respect; and as Fifi was only nineteen, Louis had not the slightest doubt that with his authority as a husband, together with his personal charms, he would be able to mold Fifi to his will, and make her rapturously happy in the act of doing it.

As soon as Fifi was established in Madame Bourcet's apartment, Louis began to lay siege to her. Regularly every evening at eight o'clock, he arrived—to pay his respects to his aunt. Regularly did he propose to play a game of cribbage with Fifi: a dull and uninteresting game, which involved

counting—and counting had always been a weak point with Fifi—she always counted her salary at too much, and her expenses at too little.

Her counting at cribbage determined Louis to keep the family purse himself, after they were married—for Louis looked forward securely to this event. Regularly at nine o'clock Madame Bourcet fell asleep, or professed to fall asleep, peacefully in her arm-chair. Regularly, Louis improved the opportunity by telling Fifi how much his income was, going into the minutest detail. That, however, took only a short time; but much more was consumed in telling how he spent it. A very little wine; no cards or billiards; a solemn visit four times the year to the Théâtre Française to see a classic play, and a fortnight in summer in the country. Such was the life which Louis subtly proposed that Fifi should lead with him.

Fifi listened, dazed and silent. The room was so quiet, so quiet, and at that hour all was life, bustle, gaiety and movement at the Imperial Theater. She knew to the very moment what Cartouche was doing, and what Toto was doing; and there was that hateful minx, Julie Championet, being rapturously applauded in parts which were as much Fifi's as the clothes upon Fifi's back—for Julie Championet had promptly succeeded to Fifi's vacant place, in spite of Cartouche. All this distracted Fifi's attention from the nightly game of cribbage and made her count worse than ever.

And so Fifi began to live, for the first time, without love and without work. Only the other day, she remembered, she had been hungry and hard-worked and happy; and now she was neither hungry nor hard-worked, but assuredly, she was not happy.

She had not seen Cartouche since the day he left her and her boxes in the Rue de l'Echelle, and had walked off

with Toto, and, incidentally, with all of Fifi's happiness. She had directed him to come to see her often, and he had not once been near her! At this thought Fifi clenched her little fists with rage: Cartouche was her own—her very own—and how dared he treat her in this manner?

In the beginning, every day Fifi expected him, and would run to the window twenty times in an afternoon. But he neither came nor wrote. After a while, Fifi's heart became sore and she burst out before Madame Bourcet and Louis:

"Cartouche has not come to see me; he has not even written."

"But, my dear child," remonstrated Madame Bourcet, "you surely do not expect to keep up a correspondence with a—a—person like this Monsieur—what—do—you—call—him—"

"Cartouche!" cried Fifi, opening her eyes very wide indeed. "Why, Cartouche has done everything for me! He taught me all I know about acting, and he always carried my fagots upstairs, and showed me how to clean my white shoes when they became soiled, and—"

Fifi stopped. She could have told a great deal more; not only that Cartouche showed her how to clean her white shoes, but that he actually took the shoes off her poor little feet when she was so, so tired; and Cartouche must have been tired, too, having been on his legs—or rather his leg and a half—all the day and evening. These, and other reminiscences of Cartouche, in the capacity of lady's maid, cook, and what not, occurred to her quick memory, almost overwhelming her. It seemed to her as if he had done all for her that her mother had once done, but she could not speak of it before Madame Bourcet, still less Louis Bourcet. Imagine the most correct young advocate in Paris taking Fifi's shoes off, because she was tired! Louis would have let

her die of fatigue before he would have committed this horrid crime, as he conceived it.

So Fifi checked the ebullition that was rising in her, and kept her head and held her tongue. But when she was once alone in her own large, solemn room, fitter for a dowager duchess than for little Fifi, she poured out her soul in a letter to Cartouche—thus:

"Cartouche—Why haven't you been to see me? Cartouche, I believe you have forgotten me—that odious Julie Campionet has played me some trick, I know she has. Cartouche, having money is not all we thought it was. It is very dull being rich and certain of one's dinner every day. Madame Bourcet and I went out yesterday and bought a gown. Cartouche, do you remember when I had saved up the thirty francs to buy a cloak, and bought Toto, my darling Toto, instead? And how angry you were with me? And then you gave me the cloak out of your own money? Don't send Toto to see me—it would break my heart. The gown I bought yesterday is hideous. It is a dark brown with green spots. Madame Bourcet selected it. There was a beautiful pink thing, with a great many spangles, that I wanted. It is just like the stuff that Toto's ballet skirt is made of. But the gown is for me to wear the day I am presented to the Holy Father, and Madame Bourcet said the pink spangled thing would not do. Then she bought me some black lace to wear over my head that day, and she paid a cruel price for it, but the shops where you get new things are very dear. Madame Bourcet will not let me go to the second-hand shops. Do you remember the blue silk robe that Monsieur Duvernet made me buy a year ago for forty francs, and how it turned out to have a big grease-spot in the back, and I was so afraid the spot would be

seen, that it almost ruined my performance as *Léontine* in '*Papa Bouchard*'? And how do you get your costumes to hang together when I am not there to sew them? I know you are coming all to pieces by this time. Have you forgotten how I used to sew you up? Oh, Cartouche, have you forgotten all these things? I think of them all the time. I wake up in the night, thinking I hear Toto barking, and it is only Madame Bourcet snoring. Cartouche, if you don't come to see me soon you will break my heart.

"FIFI."

Cartouche read this letter sitting on the edge of his poor bed. His eyes grew moist, and the foolish fellow actually kissed Fifi's name; but he said to himself resolutely:

"No, I will not go to her. It will only make the struggle harder. She must separate herself from the old life, and the quicker, the better. The pain is sharp, but it will not last—for her."

And he was such a fool that he read the letter aloud to Toto, who was huddled close to him; and then the two who loved Fifi so dearly—the man and the dog—rubbed noses, and mourned together, Toto uttering a howl of distress and longing that cut Cartouche to the heart.

"Come," said he, putting the dog aside, and rising, "I can't go on this way. One would think I was sorry that Fifi is better off than she ever hoped or dreamed."

Then he went to his cupboard, and took out a little frayed white satin slipper—one of Fifi's slippers—and held it tenderly in his hand, while his poor heart was breaking. Next day came a letter of another sort from Fifi. She was very, very angry, and wrote in a large hand, and with very black ink.

"Cartouche: I will not stand your conduct. I give you warning; I will

not permit it. *You* are responsible for my being here. But for you and that—" here a word was erased, but Cartouche saw the faint outlines of "devilish"—"lottery ticket, I should have still been in my little room under the roof—I should still have you and Toto. Oh, Cartouche, I shall have to marry Louis Bourcet—I see it, I know it, I feel it. He has not a fault in the world, so Madame Bourcet says. Imagine what a brute I shall appear alongside of him! He plays cribbage. That is his only dissipation. But I see that I must marry him, for this life I am leading can not last. Madame Bourcet tells me she has four or five diseases, any one of which is liable to carry her off any day; and then I should be left alone in Paris with a hundred thousand francs. Something—everything seems to be driving me toward marrying Louis Bourcet. Poor Louis! How sorry he will be after he gets me! Next week, Madame Bourcet takes me out to Fontainebleau, where I am to be presented to the Holy Father. The gown has come home, and it is more hideous than it was in the shop. If the Holy Father has any taste in dress that gown will ruin my chances with him. Cartouche, I am not joking—I can never joke any more. But I will not put up with your behavior. Do you understand me? It is Fifi who says this. You know, you always told me when I flew into a rage I could frighten Monsieur Duvernet. You remember, he often ran into his closet and locked the door when I was storming at him at the theater. I am much more angry now.

FIFI."

To this letter also Cartouche made no answer. He did not know the ways of ladies who had dowries of a hundred thousand francs. He had heard they were always supplied with husbands by some one duly empowered; and these decisions, he imagined, were like the

laws of the Medes and Persians. He felt for his poor little Fifi; her vivid, incoherent words were perfectly intelligible to him and went like a knife into his heart. He mused over them in such poignant grief that he could hardly drag himself through his multitude of duties. He had no life or spirit to keep watch over Duvernet; and Julie Campionet, one fine morning, took advantage of this and, walking the manager off to the *mairie*, married him out of hand. The first thing Cartouche knew of it was when the bridegroom, with a huge white favor in his buttonhole, marched into Cartouche's garret.

"She's done it, Cartouche," groaned Duvernet. "They all do."

Cartouche knew perfectly well what poor Duvernet meant.

"She has, has she?" he roared, "and did you tell her about the three other women you have married, and got yourself in such a precious mess with?"

"Yes," groaned Duvernet, seating himself on the side of the bed. "She knows all about it—but I couldn't explain which ones had sued me for divorce, and which I had sued. But Julie didn't mind. You see, she is thirty-six years old, and never has been married, and she made up her mind it wasn't worth while to wait longer; and when women get that way, it's no use opposing them."

"The last time," shouted Cartouche, quite beside himself at the manager's folly, for which he himself felt twinges of conscience, "the last time you said it was because she was a widow! Duvernet, as sure as you are alive, you will bring yourself behind the bars of Ste. Pélagie."

"If I do," cried poor Duvernet, stung by Cartouche's reproaches, "whose fault will it be? If you had kept an eye on Julie Campionet, this never would have happened. It was you who bought that cursed lottery

ticket for Fifi, and lost me the only leading lady I ever had who didn't insist on marrying me against my will."

Here was a cud for Cartouche to chew upon: young ladies reproaching him bitterly for giving them a hundred thousand francs in cash, and happy bridegrooms reviling him because through him they secured brides. Cartouche was too stunned by it all to answer. The only thing he could do was to try to keep Duvernet's unfortunate weakness from landing him in jail. Luckily, none of his wives had any use for Duvernet, after a very short probation, and as he had no property to speak of, and the earnings of the Imperial Theater were uncertain, there was no money to be squeezed out of him. So, unless the authorities should get wind of Duvernet's matrimonial ventures, which he persisted in regarding as mere escapades, into which he was led by a stronger will

than his own, he would be allowed to roam at large.

"At all events," said Cartouche, after a while, "I can make Julie Campionet behave herself as long as she is willing to stay here by threatening to lodge an information against both of you with the magistrate."

"Do," anxiously urged Duvernet. "I would not mind serving a short term in prison if Julie gets troublesome. Well, all men are fools where women are concerned."

"No, they are not," replied Cartouche darkly; "there are a few bachelors left."

"It is fate, destiny, what you will," said the mournful bridegroom. "That woman, Julie Campionet—or Duvernet she is now—meant to marry me from the start, just like the rest. Oh, if only little Fifi were here once more!"

If only little Fifi were here once more! Poor Cartouche's lonely heart echoed that wish.

*(To be continued)*

## Priests of the Pen

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

WRITING by day and by night-time,  
Thinking, and still to think;  
Labor and love, and labor—  
There is blood in the drops of ink.

# The Mania for Detail in Fiction

BY W. S. DUNBAR

AT present there seems to be manifest in the work of American fiction writers a certain quality which can be best described, perhaps, as an uncontrollable mania for detail. True, there are a few literary workmen who possess that intuition which keeps them clear of the reefs on which so many stories have been wrecked, but, as a class, the men and women who write the books and magazines of this country are hypnotized by trivialities. They give the reader's mind no latitude, no freedom, no opportunity for that sweet privilege of wondering why. They tell too much. They cannot send one of their characters through the streets without cataloging every garbage barrel and fire plug that he passes. They have not learned that the greatest strength of a story may lie in the things that are left unspoken.

The day is long since gone when an author is safe from arrest after writing a two-page description of his heroine; but there are other degrees of literary murder. It is a crime for some writers even to uncork a bottle of ink.

The telling of a story is the painting of a picture. Is it art to draw every hair on a dog's back? And in painting a picture by means of words and punctuation marks the material on which the writer seeks to impress the vision he sees—or thinks he sees—is that marvellous canvas, the human brain. Yet rare is the word painter

who, before such an effort, pauses to analyze the success or failure of some picture conveyed to his own brain by a fellow craftsman.

The natural tendency of the mind is to reject the unnecessary. The superfluous is an irritation. When the reader once comprehends, then all extraneous printed words upon the matter become a wearisome redundancy. To nail detail after detail into completed understanding is a crucifixion of the intellect. The soul writhes in helpless torture.

The painter who employs a brush and material colors has one advantage: he knows absolutely that his canvas will receive and retain the hues he uses, and that every touch of his brush will make its lasting record. Not so the man who paints with words upon the human understanding. Many of his most careful strokes—those darling curlicues of secret pride—appear only as vacant spots upon the mind they were meant to impress. His rich, deep red becomes a sickly green. Why? Let him study and find out. But before he accuses the reader of mental color blindness let him examine his pigments again.

The thoughts, the ideas, the emotions that are awakened within us by the words we read are akin to the scenery we behold with our physical eyes. Shall we count the blades of grass? Such details are to walk upon. Our custom is not to see, but to realize

that we see. There is the happiness. When we are compelled to look, to examine, away goes the charm. If we are conscious of the rounded hills, the river and the woods, that is enough. Let the lumber dealer measure the trees. Yet the chief endeavor of many American writers is to compose a descriptive passage that sounds like the eulogium of a real estate auctioneer, mingled with the lecture of an amateur geologist.

Will writers never learn that the mental processes of other mortals are not carried forward in straight lines; that no amount of detail, erected on either side, can confine the reader's mind to a straight track laid down for it by the writer? A tale that is like a personally conducted excursion, with no straying from a pre-determined path, and with certain things to be seen and all others excluded, cannot satisfy the mind's aspiration for travel. Such a tale cannot live. Human thought simply will not travel from beginning to end of a story along a direct path, between two fences built of details. It will jump the track, and if too many facts are in the way they will be smashed. No author can take his readers through a tunnel on a hand car. They will jump off and climb the mountain every time.

The human mind is restless. It needs room to move about. This is just as true when it is absorbing a printed tale as at any other time. And when the story possesses that subtle quality which stimulates the emotions, then the mind demands far more room for its flights than is ordinarily necessary. Hence it is that the most vital stories in all literature are the simple ones, that deal only with fundamentals, and are free from every needless detail that might block the way just at the critical instant when the mind, inspired by a thought presented to it, is setting forth on a

journey to some far region. The understanding objects to receiving such bumps. It dislikes tripping over a garbage can while on the way to paradise.

There is profound psychology in this. How strange it is that story writers, whose success must be in proportion to their power of stimulating human emotion, should disdain the study of mental processes. Therefore they so construct their stories as to hamper the imagination which they aim to uplift.

There is a method of handling detail in fiction that is of supreme value. It may be turned into a priceless aid, instead of a detriment—and in the following manner: Let every atom of detail which is introduced be an incentive, a positive force, in aiding the mind to take those desired flights outside the text. Let this be the text. The mind of the reader will surely insist on those excursions, no matter how many obstructions it encounters, and hence it follows that the tale so constructed as to render them easy, and frequent, is the tale that is best, and surest to live. Why so? Because it is written with an understanding of the inevitable mental process unconsciously employed by the reader. Because the average human mind likes to have only two-thirds of its knowledge conveyed to it in the shape of bald assertion. It wants the other third to come in the form of suggestion, out of which the imagination can weave a fabric to suit itself.

Human thought is like lightning, and for two reasons. First, because it may in fact be an electrical phenomenon, and second, because it moves in zigzag lines. The various facts, ideas, experiences and elements that enable the mind to reach a conclusion never lie in a straight line of logic. They are scattered about, extending over many years, many leagues and many

troubles. Yet in coming to any conclusion the mind leaps to each one of them in turn, collecting all its stored up knowledge that bears upon the matter at issue, until by the time it has completed the journey the mental decision has been made. And no unnecessary detail of experience is visited during the progress. The process is like a lightning flash, both in its speed and erratic direction, but it is always the same.

This is the incessant process that is carried on by the mind during the perusal of a printed article. It happens with every sentence that compels thought, forces comparison, awakens recollection or stirs the emotion. It is the process that makes the reader pleased or displeased with the tale; that tells him whether or not the relations of things therein portrayed are natural or unnatural; whether the action of the hero is reasonable or incredible. Each situation set down in type is compared, by this method, with the experiences and beliefs of the reader.

Is it not clear, then, that detail improperly used may wreck a story? The hero walking down the street, battling with some supreme crisis that affects his whole life, will not consciously perceive the garbage cans and the fire plugs. True, he sees them, for he avoids them, but he doesn't realize he sees them. They play no essential part—or any part—in the mental drama within him. How often, when the mind is busy, does every man walk beyond his destination on the street,

oblivious to the material objects about him. And the reader of a book, who is unconsciously trying to reproduce in his own mind the mental condition of the hero, by one of those lightning-like excursions to his own past experiences, is irritated, angered, by the irrelevant barrels and hydrants. He knows they do not belong there. They distract him. He is foiled in his effort to mentally visualize the hero's woes. The tale collapses. Such is the result of irrelevant detail.

Fiction should stimulate thought, not repress it. Each reader desires a share in constructing certain parts of the story to suit himself. If this privilege is accorded him he appreciates it. He derives satisfaction that is no less real because it is hard for him to define it. He has not watched his own psychological wheels go round, but he does recognize the product of their work. That product he calls "enjoyment."

What would be the charm of a summer landscape to mortal eye if each separate twig, each lump of earth, each grasshopper, demanded an individual scrutiny? There would be no landscape left. The delight of such a scene lies in the fact that the eye is not compelled to recognize detail; that at a certain point there comes a dimness beyond which only the imagination can penetrate to paint this vista of leagues unseen. Yet many writers seem to think that every man wants to see completely round the world, and gaze at the back of his own neck.

*It is generally possible to find a character to fit a caricature.*

# The Rainy Day

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

THE man was a Poet.

The light that never was on land or sea shone through his threadbare garments, and his hair was a consecration and the poet's dream.

But the sweet young thing at the desk did not see these things with the seeing eye. She thought he was a tramp. The experienced Editor would have seen, but he was out at the moment, and the young lady was officiating in his absence.

The visitor tiptoed up to the chancel rail, she scarcely heeding his approach. Her cordiality was in congealed form.

"Pardon me, Miss," he said, with a courtly bow, "can I see the Editor?"

"He's out," she replied as curtly as the caller was courtly.

"Will he return soon? I am quite anxious to see him on a matter of publication."

Evidently he was not a tramp, and the young lady's manner ameliorated to a degree.

"Possibly I can attend to it?" she ventured.

He surveyed her furtively, yet with sleuth-like scrutiny.

"I am sure you can," he said, bowing and smiling. "I have a poem here which——"

The girl's manner changed instantly. The Winter was gone and Spring had come. Ever since she had risen from the addressing department to the higher life of the editorial

rooms, it had been her fondest dream to meet a Poet face to face and hold communion with its visible form. Now the very reality was before her, and she trembled with a strange delight.

"Oh," she fairly twittered, "are you a Poet? Come in and sit down. You know I dote on poetry. I read all in the Sunday papers that have noble sentiments in them, and I have always been so anxious to know how they were ever written. Is poetry a really and truly inspiration, or does one write it as they would write anything else—addressing wrappers, for instance? Please tell me all about it, won't you?"

"Nothing would delight me more," he said, taking a manuscript from his pocket. "Next after the frenzy of composition is the felicity of appreciation."

"And did you write this one entirely out of your own head?" she asked eagerly yet doubtfully, lest she might be mistaken and her dream were not coming true.

"And heart," he added, as he smiled down upon her with lofty pride in himself and sweet condescension for her guileless ignorance.

"Tell me about it, please," she said, taking it from his hand, and opening it carefully, tenderly, as one might expose to the rude gaze of the world some sacred thing.

"Well," he began, "you observe

the subject of it is 'The Rainy Day.' I chose that because you know a Poet's life is not all sunshine, and true poetry flows from the deepest springs of being."

"Dear me," she cried. "And I thought all poets' days were sunny days."

"How slightly you know us, Miss," he responded. "But as I was saying, having selected my subject, which came to me last week when we had such a spell of bad weather, you remember, I turned it over in my mind, and the mysterious power, which none of us can explain, brought into juxtaposition those similitudes which constitute the relation of apparently widely divergent creatures and conditions. It was dark and dreary without, and wet; that was meteorological. It was dark and dreary within, and dry; that was Me."

She was listening intently, but not rationally, as what daughter of sentiment would?—and she did not grasp his full meaning. Nor did she care to. She knew that the un-understandableness of poetry was the best indication of true merit, and why should she seek to probe its significance? Its effect was sufficient for her, and she was profoundly affected. She belonged to a Browning club.

"With this apparent antithesis formulated," he went on, smiling inwardly, "I gathered around it those corollaries which cluster about all central principles, and in a few moments I had my first line:

"'The day is cold and dark and dreary.'

"Hardly an inspiration in that, considering the weather at the time," he said with a smile, "yet it was just what was needed to make the preliminary impression. With that line as a starting-point, the first step toward

the final accomplishment was a word to rhyme with 'dreary.' Rhythm, you know, is the basic principle of poetry, and rhyme is its hand-maiden. There may be poetry without rhyme, but there can be no rhyme without poetry. Some editors and carping critics may dispute this statement, but that is neither here nor there, and need not trouble you until you are an editor or a poet. That you will never be a critic, I am sure," he added almost tenderly, noting the kindly look in her eyes. "Now taking my own feelings as the director of my thought, I immediately selected 'weary' as the most appropriate rhyme, and after some mental revolving, I grasped my second line in the mazes of mentality and brought it forth thus:

"'It rains, and the wind is never weary.'

"'Dreary,' 'weary,' you observe, is quite symphonious. The third line was somewhat more difficult to secure, because the next step was not quite clear. I did not know exactly whether to make it meteorological or moral, and in the course of my mental struggle, I turned my gaze out of the window, into the back yard, for food for fancy. Observing a last year's vine still hanging on the back fence, I caught at it as an inspiration, and presently I had a third line as follows:

"'The vine still clings to the paling fence.'

"The rhythm was faultless, and the thought was good, but 'paling fence' was not poetical, although it was absolutely true. But it was poetry, not truth, that I was seeking, and 'paling fence' was undeniably impossible. I changed it to 'wooden fence' and to 'leafy fence,' which was

better; and then to 'falling fence,' but it was still unsatisfactory, and I stared out of the window, stretching invisible hands into the realm of thought for what I wished. After a time the vagrant wind, playing with the leaves of a stunted sapling in the adjoining back yard, caught my fancy and sent my Muse on to a line beyond, that held the proper rhythm. It was:

"At every blast the dead leaves fly."

"I had four lines now, a sufficiency for the quatrain I had in mind as the mechanical form, and I set them together into a stanza which read:

"The day is cold and dark and dreary,  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the paling fence,  
And at every blast the dead leaves fly."

"Not a very graceful stanza, I am willing to admit, but still a beginning. A leading principle of all construction, mental or material, is that what is done suggests what may be done, or undone, and when I read my stanza as a whole, I saw its defects more distinctly, as you may well imagine. I knew then that that 'paling fence' must come down, and I ruthlessly tore it out, believing I could fill the gap in a better way. And I did, for presently as my thought carried my eyes hither and yon, they fell upon a chromo in my study of an old vine-clad wall. 'Vine clad' would not do, but the wall was old, and in poetry all old walls are mouldering, so I put the mouldering wall where the paling fence had been, and I passed on to the fourth line. Its last word, 'fly,' must now be changed to something that would rhyme with 'wall,' and

what better word in connection with leaves than 'fall'? They are simply born to it, Miss, and poets seldom find a more fitting rhyme. I concluded that with this change the stanza was complete, but after a careful study I decided that the word 'blast' was too violent, and changed it to 'gust,' not an especially poetic word, but less liable to do injury than a blast."

"How perfectly lovely!" exclaimed the young lady, clasping her hands in seraphic adoration.

"Quite so," murmured the Poet dreamily.

"How did you happen to think of this last line?" inquired the girl, glancing over the manuscript.

"Oh," exclaimed the Poet, rousing from his reverie, "I almost forgot that one. It was an afterthought, not absolutely necessary to the sense, but after the four lines were finished, it occurred to me that I might make the thought more impressive by rubbing it in, as it were, so I added

"And the day is dull and dreary."

"That was very cute of you," she said. "But I don't see how you ever got beyond the first verse," she added, eager for more.

"The second stanza was much easier than the first," explained the Poet. "I had acquired the swing of my measure and the trend of my thought, and the poem as an entirety assumed form in my mind. The next stanza was to be of myself, and I could make the application readily. I think I was not more than five minutes arranging the words of the next line, and its mate followed directly upon its heels. Then I had this couplet:

"My life is cold and dark and dreary—  
It rains, and the wind is never weary."

"The succeeding move was to consolidate the meteorological and moral with my own life in its relation to the weather, and I evolved this line:

"My thoughts still cling to the moulderling past."

"You see 'moulderling' is such a poetic word."

"I have heard our Editor"—the young lady hesitated lest she might be treading upon forbidden ground—"I have heard our Editor say some poetry was quite mouldy."

"No doubt," admitted the Poet. "Editors are liable to say anything. But that is neither here nor there; you are, happily, neither editor nor poet."

"I never want to be an Editor," she said simply.

"You would be a cinch—I mean a blessing," he corrected himself quickly, observing that she was perplexed. "But that is neither here nor there, and we shall go on. I now had the vine clinging properly to my own condition, and there was only the wind to look after. A good word to rhyme with 'past' was 'blast,' and I knew that wind came in blasts, though in a previous stanza I had not permitted it to be so strenuous. My life was different from the leaves, however, and I realized how it had blown around me and through me, at times, so I turned on the blast, so to say, and had this line:

"But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast."

"My stanza was now complete, and I put it together with a slightly different tail-piece, to impress it upon the reader, and I had this:

"My life is cold and dark and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;

My thoughts still cling to the moulderling past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick and fast,

And the days are dark and dreary."

"How perfectly sad and pitiful it all is," sighed the young lady. "I won't ever think of poetry again without thinking of it differently from what I ever did before. I don't see how you could have gone on with it."

"Poets learn in suffering what they tell in song," said the Poet almost fiercely, and certainly with intense feeling. "But to continue—if you wish me to," he added with commendable modesty and winning hesitancy.

"Oh, yes, go on," she cried. "It is so awfully interesting."

She held the precious verses in her hand, her gentle glances falling on the lines as a filmy wrap, fluttering about them.

"Oh, thank you so much," he said earnestly, but with an eye toward the door through which the Real Editor might appear. "The last stanza was a generalization of, and a deduction from, the other two. You know poets are never philosophers, but they can philosophize on paper. They have to in order to finish their work. I did not know just what my conclusion would be, and as I sat deliberating, a dear friend of mine came in and asked me to go out and have a drink. I seldom drink, Miss," he explained apologetically; "in fact, never, but on this occasion my spirits were at such a low ebb that I felt it to be a duty to those who expect good work from me, to stimulate them, so I accompanied him to the nearest shrine of Bacchus. I returned some time later with the final stanza formulated in my mind for the pencil, and I wrote, at one inspired dash, these lines:

"Be still sad heart and stop repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life comes a highball—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he broke in upon himself; "I mean—" but the girl was so absorbed in the poetic atmosphere that she had not observed his slip, and catching himself up suddenly, he rolled out the last two lines as if he were intoning an anthem:

"Into each life some rain must fall;  
Some days must be dark and dreary."

"With that completed," he went on, "the poem was done, and I had before me the child of my fancy, which you now hold in your hands. May I quote it in its entirety?" and without waiting for her permission, as is the manner of poets who quote their own productions, he recited the lines:

"The day is cold and dark and dreary;  
It rains and the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall—  
And the day is dark and dreary."

"My life is cold and dark and dreary—  
It rains and the wind is never weary;  
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary."

"Be still sad heart, and cease repining—  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall—  
Some days must be dark and dreary."

He watched the door nervously, for it was fully a minute before his entranced listener came back to earth.

"Oh," she cried in exalted ecstasy, when she did return, "I never heard anything so purely sentimental, so sorrowfully sweet."

"Thank you very much," he bowed. "I am glad if you like it. You know it is merely one of those little fugitives we turn loose at the moment. It is quite pretty, but scarcely up to my average," he added deprecatingly.

"But I think it is lovely," she contended. "I am sure our Editor will take it. You must wait and see him."

"I am afraid," he responded, rising as if to go, "that I cannot. I have been here so long already. I shall go and dispose of it elsewhere."

"But we want it," she insisted. "I am sure we do. How much do you ask for it?"

"Nothing, Miss," he replied indignantly. "I could not place a price upon my own offspring."

"Oh, pardon me, pardon me," she begged. "I did not mean that. But you must have something for your work."

"Yes, yes," he mused. "I can scarcely bring myself to say it, but if you will give me two dollars as a retainer, you may hold the poem, and I will call later and make a final settlement with the Editor."

She accepted his modest proposition with an enthusiasm to which he was wholly unaccustomed, and when the Poet went out of the office with two

dollars in his pocket, which had come from her own private funds, he left her at the chancel rail in a rhapsody, with the precious poem clasped to her throbbing heart. And she did not observe how very quickly he disappeared.

The Editor returned half an hour later, and the young lady was almost bursting with suppressed emotion as she placed the Parnassian production in his hands.

"Read that, Mr. Blank," she said in a voice quivering, yet exultant. "It is the most perfectly lovely thing I ever read."

"Where is it, and where did you get it?" he asked, quite unmoved.

She told him the story of the Poet's visit and his inspiration, and how she had rescued the poem from the oblivion of publication in a rival magazine.

"Um-er," remarked the Editor, opening the manuscript gingerly. It was not as dainty as it might have been.

He read the first stanza, and looked up at the young thing standing in trembling expectancy at the back of his chair.

"Isn't it perfectly divine?" she asked in an awed whisper.

"Very good," he admitted with caution. "Better than the average we get these days, but not so good as other work by the same author."

She could not stand still.

"He said it was not up to his average," she explained. "And you have seen his work before?"

"Yes, a great deal of it." The

Editor was smiling. It was the happiest moment of the girl's life in the editorial department. "Did you ever hear of Longfellow?" he inquired casually.

"Oh, yes; he lived in Boston, didn't he?"

"In that neighborhood."

"I thought so, but this wasn't Mr. Longfellow, was it? This was a young man."

"Oh, no, Mr. Longfellow has been dead for some years. How much did you pay for this?"

"Two dollars," she replied, "but he said he would come back for the balance."

"Well, he won't," asserted the Editor with confidence.

"And we can have that beautiful poem for only two dollars?" exclaimed the enraptured young enthusiast.

"You can," corrected the Editor. "We don't want it. It was written by Longfellow before you were born, and you have given up one-fourth of your week's salary for information that may be valuable to you in future. It is cheap enough, though," he added sympathetically as he saw the tears welling up in her eyes. "Some editors pay a lot more than two dollars for poetry not half so good as this. It is a rainy day for you, my dear," he concluded kindly, "but read over that last stanza, and maybe you can get two dollars' worth of comfort out of it. And the next time a Poet comes in here when I am out, you call the police before you give up any money. It's too late now."

# Eden Phillpotts: An Interview

BY WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

**I**F you come down to Torquay," wrote Mr. Phillpotts from his Devon home, "we can at least promise you a hearty welcome and probably some sunshine and song-birds."

Unfortunately I was prevented from accepting this invitation to hear song-birds in midwinter, but with the advent of spring my host—who-was-to-have-been came up to London, and we at last met in West Ealing, which would be a delightful suburb, were it possible to reach it. Physically as well as morally I was made to feel at home in the pleasant, sunshiny little parlor in which I found the author of "The Human Boy" awaiting me half an hour after the time agreed upon—physically, owing to the American temperature of the room, morally, owing to the genuine friendliness and kindness of my host. There are, no doubt, many warm hearts in that strange little corner of the world called England, but they are, as a rule, so incased in timidity and social considerations, which are notably non-conductors of heat, that one can pass years in their immediate vicinity without the least sensation of warmth. Many Englishmen would like to do you a favor and trust their own opinion of you, had their grandfather and yours only been acquainted and had you been presented at court. Mr. Phillpotts, however, is free from this national failing, which, strange as it may seem, is one of the causes of England's loss of commercial prestige. Nevertheless, but

few Americans, I am convinced, would place their country residence at the disposal of a stranger in their own absence, solely from motives of hospitality. "Now, on your way to see Mr. Quiller-Couch," urged the author, "do run down to Torquay and stay the night, or as long as you've a mind to, and see the children; it would be such a pleasure for me to know that you had been there."

Mr. Phillpotts is a genuine son of the soil; he might say of Nature, as Tennyson said of "Cousin Amy" on his visit to Locksley Hall: "All the current of my being sets to thee." Indeed, he did say so, although not quite in that form.

"I spent fifteen years in an insurance office in London," he said in the course of our somewhat rambling conversation, "but during all that time my one idea was to get back again to the country. I hate city life, it benumbs me, kills my mental energy. Not a single line that I ever wrote was inspired by London. There are, of course, plenty of writers, like my friend Pett Ridge, to whom the metropolis is a necessity, but I am not of that order. Country life is the natural form of existence for man; and country people, I am convinced, are less apt to be vicious or wicked. To be sure, one occasionally runs across desperate characters among the peasants, but only occasionally; there seems to be something in the contact with nature that

keeps them healthy. Those who work in the fields all day have but little time or inclination to indulge in vicious thoughts. By the way, have you read Mr. Archer's interviews in the 'Pall Mall Magazine' under the heading 'Real Conversations'? All that he seems to have succeeded in doing is to string together a lot of uninteresting remarks by himself and his interlocutor. According to Mr. Pinero, as reported in one of these conversations, a good drama can only be written in the atmosphere of a court, with lords and ladies and great personages as actors, as though common people were incapable of deep and tragic feelings. That is all rank nonsense; it is only necessary to quote Ibsen and the recent German playwrights to dispose of his theory."

"You have written considerably for the stage yourself, have you not?" I asked. "I saw a farce of yours, 'A Pair of Knickerbockers,' in London."

"Oh, did you see that? It was terribly given, I hear, as vulgarly as could be. There was nothing vulgar in it as I wrote it, but of course anything can be made vulgar in the acting. I once made a dramatization of 'Children of the Mist' for Charles Frohman at his request, but he wanted an alteration made in one of the intermediate acts, so I let the matter drop. His idea was to 'commercialize' it, I suppose, to adapt it to what he believes to be the taste of the public."

Mr. Phillpotts is tall and slight, and, for a writer, still in his first youth. He is one of the very few authors whom it has been my fortune to meet who agreed with my preconceptions of their personality as derived from their books. Sudermann is tall and dark, and I had pictured him as short and blond; Maeterlinck is big and broad-shouldered and normal, and I had imagined him to be small and wizened and eccentric—and so on with their *confrères*.

But Eden Phillpotts of "Sons of the Morning" is the Eden Phillpotts of reality, which renders it unnecessary to characterize him further. As is well known, the bulk of his literary work concerns itself with his native county of Devon, indeed, mainly with the neighborhood of Torquay and the sea-coast.

"I recently re-read one of my early stories," he said, in speaking of the subtle but radical change to which one's taste is subject, "and I found it inexcusably bad. Indeed, I regard all of my work done previously to about six years ago as absolutely valueless from an artistic standpoint. I remember when I first started to write I got it into my head that I could write a story of adventure and intrigue, and I worked on one six whole months with the most intense enthusiasm, only to discover in the end that this was not my forte, that the characters were sticks without a spark of life in them and that my labor was absolutely wasted. But tell me about America—do your writers go in for specialization, devoting themselves to the study of certain localities?"

After being assured that this tendency existed in America, though hardly to the degree manifested in England, Mr. Phillpotts touched upon the effect of specialization on literature in general, upon the question of its benefit or detriment to the cause of letters.

"It is all right, of course," he said, "for the Balzacs not to specialize, they can grasp the whole of a particular nation's life, but it seems to me that it is better for the smaller men who are incapable of such an achievement, to devote themselves to some particular phase or locality and to study that until they really understand it, and so for each one to till his particular plot of ground."

"Do you find any suspicion on the part of the peasants," I asked. "Any

fear that you are looking for 'copy' among them?"

"Oh, no, not in the least, for the simple reason that they don't know that I write about them. Peasants don't read; one can live among them for years and write about them, and they will never have the faintest suspicion of such a thing. Besides, I am now quite at home in any house in the whole neighborhood around Torquay; I have lived among them so long and intimately that they have quite come to look upon me as a friend, and have laid aside their native suspicion. But it takes a long while to get on to that footing with them."

It is a point of interest that Mr. Phillpotts started his career of authorship while still in the insurance office, as a comic writer; like his early abortive histrionic efforts, however, of which he spoke cursorily, he regards this apprenticeship work as "shoved be'ind 'im, long ago and fer away."

How few of those who hurriedly read a novel and then toss it aside realize the months of thought and labor it has cost the author! Even the writing of an inferior story requires perseverance and a certain amount of fancy; how much more, then, the creation of a work of art, of a book which has gestated and grown in the mind of the author and then transferred itself to paper under his critical, perhaps even carpingly critical, eye. All genuinely creative minds, assuredly, have similar processes: first the generating idea, then the period of gestation, followed by the actual labor of writing and correcting. It is, however, interesting to hear authors upon their own methods, which each one has reached by paths lined by vain at-

tempts at penmanship, and perhaps by rejected manuscripts.

"It takes me two years to write a novel," said Mr. Phillpotts in this connection, "exclusive of the period in which it is taking shape in my mind. First I write it out complete as it comes to me, and then I commence and re-write it entire, regardless of the first manuscript, save, perhaps, in certain places where I want to retain passages that may happen to strike me as good. Were not life too short, I should doubtless go through the process again, but two years is enough time, I consider, to spend on one book. Besides, matter is the first consideration, and then comes form; one can easily become too finniky about style, and lay too much stress on mere words. After the book is complete I get my wife, who has not seen it up to this time, to read it aloud to me, a couple of chapters each evening, so that I may get the musical effect of the sentences and eliminate harsh combinations. Of course, the only real test of an author is to read his books aloud, but unfortunately very few readers give us the benefit of such a test. You say that you have read my story, 'Sons of the Morning'? I wonder it went as well as it did in America, as it is essentially local in character. It is not a book, I realize, calculated to be popular; one doesn't really care about the people. And to be really successful, a book must be 'sympathetic,' as, for instance, 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,' which I consider one of the greatest of books. But in the case of 'Sons of the Morning,' I couldn't help the characters being unsympathetic, that was the way they developed of themselves. I had nothing to do with it."

# Reminiscences of an Interviewer

## III

*Joseph Jefferson, Ellen Terry, Sir Henry Irving*

FOR several years such interviews as I did were chiefly with theatrical people. I suppose I have interviewed nearly every actor of prominence now before the American public. These meetings have been interesting to me, less on account of what the subjects had to say than on account of the curious phase of life which they represented. Public performers of all kinds belong to a category by themselves. Their work inevitably makes them different from other people. It often brings out good qualities; but it intensifies other qualities not usually well-rated, such as self-consciousness, and vanity. To be fair, however, I ought to mention that several actors whom I have known have seemed to me as modest as any people that have come within my observation.

The most notable of these exceptions is Mr. Joseph Jefferson. This actor has passed through his long career without being in the least tainted by professional weaknesses. He must have brought to the stage a naturally rich temperament, capable of being influenced by every wholesome experience that might come to him. Here, it seems to me, lies the explanation of much that is unhealthy in the characters of actors. They go into their work, as a rule, too weak to resist its more harmful tendencies. There are some natures that cannot be spoiled,

no matter how much success or adulation they may receive. Mary Anderson may be cited as a good example; but as she developed from a girl into a mature woman, she found the theatre unbearable; she outgrew it. Now I imagine that to Mr. Jefferson theatrical life has always been a kind of second nature. His people had been actors before him, and he has passed practically his whole life on the stage. Before meeting him I had, of course, seen him in all the characters with which he is associated. To achieve that distinction one does not need to be an inveterate theatre-goer. Actors are apt to laugh when they hear Mr. Jefferson mentioned as the leader of American Drama, and to say, "What has he done for the drama?" Well, he has given the most beautiful example of natural acting that our country has known in the last fifty years. It would seem as if this achievement were enough to establish the reputation of one man. Moreover, Mr. Jefferson has demonstrated that successful dramatic art may express itself through simple and wholesome material. It is impossible to think of him in association with any of the offensive plays that have degraded the theatre in the eyes of so many play-lovers. To this fact, I believe, may be attributed much of his popularity. On going to see Mr. Jefferson, one cannot fail to

be struck by the appearance of the audience: It is wholly unlike the usual audience to be observed at a play. It contains members of that enormous class of people to whom most theatrical shows make a vain appeal. On the other hand, there is no question that Mr. Jefferson has been very limited in his art. He has devoted himself to a few plays that would probably perish as soon as he ceased to use them, and has done nothing to encourage American dramatists—that is, in recent years. It is true, nevertheless, that he takes a keen interest in new work, and that he would be glad to help it along, but for the precarious state of his health. When I met him he looked like a hale and hearty old gentleman; I suspected that he had kept his vigor by means of the care he had taken of himself. I had gone down to see him at his place on the shore of Buzzard's Bay, where he lives a good part of each year, from May till October. I found him absorbed in studying a Shakespearean Anthology, and after our greetings he broke out into a eulogy of the wonderful range of Shakespeare's knowledge. For a long time we talked about the theatre, and Mr. Jefferson told me many stories of actors he had known in the past which he had not used in his autobiography. This observation reminds me that from his vast fund of experience he could easily write a dozen volumes of reminiscences. Like every man who is not an author and who has written one book, Mr. Jefferson naturally takes much pride in his literary work. He told me that he had begun the autobiography with considerable trepidation, and I imagine that he was amazed by its success. That book, by the way, is a perfect expression of the author's modesty and simplicity. It is indeed these very qualities that give it its great charm. In its freedom from vanity it makes a striking contrast to

the reminiscences written by Tomaso Salvini and Clara Morris. Mr. Jefferson has one supreme advantage over most members of his profession: he is as deeply interested in many other things as in acting. As is well known, he is a painter of some merit, and a connoisseur in collecting the works of other painters. Like other painters of landscape, he takes a deep interest in nature. "Why, a chip that I pick up in the woods interests me," he remarked, and added, his eye brightening: "Everything in the world interests me." It is this universal interest that keeps Mr. Jefferson a prominent figure in the public eye, when most workers in any profession or business would think it was time to rest. Mr. Jefferson never rests; when he is not painting, or fishing, or strolling through the woods, watching the trees and the birds and the bugs, he is writing or studying or reading. He does not pretend to do much writing for publication, though he is constantly beset by editors with requests for articles. Greater than all his other interests and pleasures is his fondness for lecturing, and he prefers to lecture before colleges and schools, that is, before young people. After delivering a lecture, he invites his audience to ask him questions, and in replying, he makes his most brilliant remarks. "Do you know," he said to me, "when I am upon the platform discussing with people out there in front of me, I often say things that I never even thought of before." It is a pity that these things cannot be taken down in shorthand; they would be unquestionably of great value as comments on the art of acting. Like most men, even great men, Mr. Jefferson has his prejudices. He cares only to see plays that reflect aspects of life which are beautiful. With the realistic works of some of the great modern playwrights he has little patience, even with a masterpiece like

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" of Pinero. In talking about these plays he shows a great deal of feeling. In literature, however, his taste is very broad; he is fond of many out-of-the-way writers, some of them once popular and now ignored. In his career he has naturally met a great many of the writers of the past fifty years, and about them he has many an anecdote to tell. If one wishes to see him become positively excited, one has only to hear it said in his presence that a newspaper has announced his intention to retire from the stage. When I saw him, the remark happened to be made, and it was very amusing to hear his assertion that while his strength lasted he would go on with his work. In recent years he has acted only fifteen weeks during the season, passing a part of each winter on his plantation in Florida; so he is not likely to overtax his strength, and will probably keep going for many years more. I asked him if he did not find it very fatiguing to play the same part over and over again, and he replied with a wise nod of the head: "Ah, it is an art in itself to be able to keep fresh your interest in an old character." His greatest trouble just now is his deafness, which prevents him from hearing everything that is said around him; with his keen interest in life, he hates to miss anything. But he has the advantage of being able to insist that his friends repeat the remarks he has seen them make. At times his insistence in this regard is very amusing.

I suppose every one has his ideal actress, and I confess that my ideal is Ellen Terry. For many years before I met Miss Terry I had admired her across the footlights, and through the characters she represented, I thought I could always see the real woman. Whatever may be said of the true function of the actor's art, there is no doubt that whether great or small, the actor cannot help expressing his own

nature. Even more truly does this observation apply to the actress, for the feminine nature is essentially more expressive than the masculine. I had heard, too, many stories illustrating the grace and charm and sympathy, and the infinite variety of Ellen Terry's character. I remember the account that a newspaper friend gave me of Ellen Terry's appearance on ship-board, when she first sailed into the harbor of New York. A great crowd of people had gone down to meet her and her associate, Henry Irving, and she was aglow with enthusiasm over the sight of the new world, darting here and there on the ship, shaking hands, exchanging greetings, laughing, crying and gesticulating. Another acquaintance who knew her very well, told me that she never did things as other people did them; she did everything by flashes. "She can't even walk upstairs," he said. "She flashes up." Through a lady who knew Ellen Terry as a girl I have heard some details of Miss Terry's first marriage with G. F. Watts, the painter. Very little has been published about it and many people are unaware that Miss Terry ever was married to him. She was then only sixteen years old, and has been described as being "as beautiful as a sunbeam," slim, graceful, with hair like spun gold, a marvellous complexion and dancing blue eyes. Watts was then about thirty-four years old. He had met Ellen Terry at the house of her elder sister, Kate, formerly an actress and then the wife of a rich London haberdasher, whose failure, by the way, a few years ago, led to his wife's return to the stage. It was while Watts was painting the portrait of the girl that he became interested in her; but it is intimated that he did not at any time fall deeply in love. Miss Terry, who had been a child actress, was about to go back to the stage and many of her friends regretted that so

rare a creature should be subjected to the dangers of theatrical life. These were the friends, according to the story, who persuaded Watts that he ought to marry her. On the day before the wedding the bride received as a gift a beautiful silk shawl richly embroidered with jewels. She was so delighted that she ran about the house with it on her shoulders, and though it was unsuited to her wedding-dress, she insisted on wearing it as she walked up the aisle of the church. Mr. Watts was suffering from rheumatism, or lumbago, or something of the kind, which made it necessary for him to be assisted. So Miss Terry walked up alone, or rather she "danced up," smiling and radiant. During the ceremony she kept glancing at the shawl and re-adjusting it. Afterward, in the vestry of the church, she ran wildly about, tapping "Wattsie," as she called her husband, affectionately on the head, and every few moments rushing up to the lady who had given her the shawl and embracing her ecstatically. The marriage lasted for several years and then Miss Terry returned to the theatre, where she belonged, and where she has since remained uninterruptedly. In her temperament she is still the impulsive creature who danced up the aisle to her wedding. Miss Beatrice Harraden, who has known her for many years, and who is herself somewhat firmly established in the conventionalities, says, "Ellen Terry is the very best woman I have ever known." Miss Terry's generous nature finds not merely emotional but practical expression. Many people have reason to love her for her good deeds. During her last engagement here, when she happened to be out of the bill, she frequently went to see "The Message from Mars," which Mr. Charles Hawtrey was then playing, the beautiful spirit of which, expressed through a simple

fable, touched and delighted her. During her first visit in Boston Miss Terry was invited by some undergraduates of Harvard to pay a visit in Cambridge. When they had taken her back to town, they said they were completely exhausted from trying to keep up with her play of wit. At the time when I met her, she had paid several visits to this country and felt very much at home here. This fact reminds me, by the way, that during her first visit she nearly died of loneliness. I had received an invitation to meet her at one of those queer Bohemian parties in New York where, under the same roof, are assembled all kinds of people, freaks, journalists, painters, authors, and men and women of society. We had been invited to come at ten o'clock, but most of us, knowing that Miss Terry could not possibly leave the theatre where she was acting before half-past eleven, arrived much later. I happened to be in the drawing-room when she made her entrance, her fine, generous face, with its large mouth, aglow with good humor, her yellow hair thrown loosely back from her forehead, and her tall, matronly figure, clad in a low-cut gown of corn-colored silk. I could not help contrasting her as she appeared then, a radiant Rubens beauty, with the delicate, willowy Burne-Jones creature that she had been when I first saw her. I remember remarking to a rather flippant young artist who stood beside me on her Rubens-like appearance, and he replied: "Yes, she might have sat for those portraits of Mrs. Rubens in the Louvre." There were a great many people in the room, but very few of them dared to speak to the actress; so she stood in smiling isolation for several moments, when George Grossmith, who was then touring the country, happened to enter. His comical little face, with its curious mixture of youth and age, lighted up on seeing her, and

she seemed equally pleased to find him among the guests. He walked toward her, and, dropping on one knee, bent forward and kissed the hem of her gown. She gave him a little tap on the head, and cried: "Get up, George, you naughty boy." The humorist turned to a group of people who with some amusement were observing the scene, and holding his hand about two feet from the floor, he said: "Why, I knew her when she was no bigger than that." Since that time, I have met Miss Terry on several occasions, and I have come to know her fairly well, without losing any of my early impressions of her character. I believe that she has one of the richest natures ever given to a woman, and that in this gift lies much of her charm and power. Strange as it may seem, too, she possesses a fund of practical common sense, which has been of immense value to her in her career. For many years now she has been the leading actress of England; but, until recently, when her range of work began to be limited, she has never wished to leave the Lyceum Theatre, and speculate on her reputation, as so many other actresses have done. She has preferred to remain with Henry Irving at a salary of five hundred dollars a week, which provides her with a large income, and keeps her free from the worries that afflict the lives of even the most successful stars. She must now be a fairly rich woman, and she still has many years of usefulness before her. She has always loved acting, and has often been heard to declare that her career has been one long holiday. "I have had a good time all my life," she remarked to me one day. "You see," she added philosophically, "I have been very lucky. For many years the best parts created on the English stage have fallen to Mrs. Kendal and to me. If you will look over the records you will see how, all along the line, Mrs. Kendal and I

have worked side by side." I thought of this remark not long afterward, when Beerbohm Tree announced that he had secured both Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendal for his revival in London, for the Coronation season, of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." It seemed odd that those two splendid artists, after working apart for so many years, and upholding the best that dramatic art had to offer in England, should finally unite forces. I remember saying to Miss Terry one day that she ought to write her reminiscences of the men and women she has known in her career. These people, by the way, have included nearly every one of importance during the last half century, for while a mere child she made her first appearance on the stage. She can hardly have been more than a child when she was associated with Charles Reade, who has written about her so charmingly. In reply to my remark, I remember Miss Terry smiled quizzically and said: "For years I have kept a diary. I write in it every day of my life." That diary ought to be very precious. Some day, perhaps, Miss Terry may be persuaded to publish extracts from it, or to use it as a basis for an autobiography. On another occasion we happened to speak of the practical aspects of stage life, and I asked her if she were not constantly besieged by young girls who wished to go on the stage, and who solicited her advice and help. "Oh, yes," she replied, "and I often can tell in an instant whether they have talent or not. Now, there's Lena Ashwell, who made such a success in 'Mrs. Dane's Defence.' She once recited for me, and I knew that she was made for a stage career." Then Miss Terry sighed. "But it's so hard for many of the girls," she said. "Some of them are successful for a while and then drop out of sight, going for months and months without an engagement.

Just think of those two actresses who committed suicide in London some time ago. It's heart-breaking to think that girls who have talent can't secure steady work." In her sympathies I believe that Miss Terry is as sensitive as any woman I have ever known. At mention of the sufferings of people whom she may never have seen, her eyes often fill with tears. "There are certain parts of London where I have to go when we are playing in the suburban theatres," she once remarked, "and the sight of the poverty there nearly kills me. That is one reason why I love to be in this country; the Americans seem so prosperous and happy. You never meet hopeless faces here as you do in England." To see Miss Terry at her best, one should be with her behind the scenes during a performance, or at a rehearsal. Though she is always intensely nervous she never loses her cheerful manner. With the people about the theatre she is on terms of good fellowship; even the stage hands seem to love her. After a first performance she is always in high spirits and enjoys meeting the friends who come to offer congratulations to her and to Henry Irving on the stage. On these occasions, the stage presents the appearance of a fashionable reception, where the host and hostess are distinguished by the extraordinary eccentricity of their appearance, and the guests wear their wraps and overcoats. The last time I attended one of these receptions was when "Charles the First" was revived on the stage of the Knickerbocker Theatre. As Ellen Terry, in the flowing robes of Queen Henrietta, and Sir Henry in the tight-fitting and beautiful costume of Charles the First, looking exactly like the celebrated Vanduyck portrait, received their visitors, they made a most distinguished appearance. At rehearsal, Miss Terry may be a less striking figure, but she is

quite as gracious and fascinating. She once allowed me to sit in the wings while she conducted a rehearsal of the first act of "Madame Sans-Gêne," during which she dominates the scene. As Sir Henry did not appear in that act, he did not present himself at the theatre till near its end. At sight of a stranger in the wings his face looked ominous, and the stranger inwardly quaked. Sir Henry approached Miss Terry and engaged for a few moments in muttered conversation, during which his head kept turning significantly toward the intruder. Miss Terry patted him reassuringly on the arm, and he then went to the back of the stage and dropped into a seat. At the close of the act Miss Terry came forward and shook her finger at me. "I came very near getting my head taken off on account of you," she said, and she carried me away to one of the dressing-rooms where I was kept out of sight during the rest of the rehearsal.

Like all good stage-managers, Sir Henry is strict, and he is greatly opposed to having strangers present while he is preparing for a performance. I imagine, too, that he has very little patience with newspaper men; he does not even take the trouble to reply to requests for interviews. Several years ago, while he was giving a dinner in New York, a young reporter sent up a card asking if he might speak with him. Sir Henry returned the card with these words scribbled on it in pencil: "Go to the devil." The next day the reporter received a written apology, but he still keeps that card as a souvenir. Sir Henry is a great actor, and is known among his fellow-actors as a delightful friend, generous to a fault, sympathetic and kindly; so he is hardly to be blamed for disliking to be bored and for being peevish once in a while. He has certainly done more for the English-speaking stage than any other actor of his time, and has

always shown deep appreciation of the help Miss Terry has given him. If Miss Terry had not acted with him, she would, unquestionably, have gained, by another path, the position she now occupies among English players. Irving has given her opportunities to create great rôles, and has often subordinated himself in order that she might be put forward happily. On the other hand, without his coöperation her range of achievement might have been wider. She herself deeply regrets that she has never had a chance to ap-

pear as Rosalind, and she recognizes that now the time has passed when she could create the necessary illusion. It is a pity that she has not been seen oftener in purely poetic rôles, such as those provided her by Tennyson in "A Becket" and "The Cup," and by Calmour in the "Amber Heart." As an interpreter of poetic drama, I doubt if she has an equal on the stage to-day, and I make this assertion, bearing in mind the beautiful work I have seen done by Helena Modjeska and Agnes Sorma.

## A Keepsake

BY BETH FORRESTER

I HAVE no flowers to offer thee,  
The bloom is falling from my tree;  
The roses once so red and sweet  
Lie, scattered petals, at your feet;  
Dear—do not stay to gather these  
While roses blow on other trees!

A few unopened buds are saved  
Which have the early tempest braved,  
But they will never blossom here,  
It is too late along the year!  
Dear—will you take them from my tree  
To keep in memory of me?

# In a Garden

BY FRANCES WILSON

IT might have been Greece from the fashion of the semi-circular stone seat over which a tiger skin was flung. Or, it might have been Eden, from its wild and tangled beauty and the occupants—a Man and a Woman who lounged there a-dream in the golden afternoon.

It really was a garden-side overlooking the blue waters of a bay—an imprisoned bit of that broad sea whose waters stretch from the Beginning to the End, from the Far West to the Far East.

A dense hedge shut it in, save on the side where it sloped down to the water. The waves lapped dreamily on the shore all day long, and the white sails rocked lazily back and forth in the breeze, looking more like butterflies than boats.

The seat stood under a gnarled tree, whose dark foliage was etched upon the vast blueness of the sky. The lilt of a bird,—three liquid, reluctant notes freighted with the memory of some divine regret,—floated, with ineffable sweetness, through the silence of the summer afternoon. The Woman caught her breath from very pain.

"Heart of me," she murmured, "What is it? What is it that makes me want to weep and cry out?"

There were unshed tears within her eyes and they were darkened by the shadow of the Inevitable.

The wind stirred the heavy blossoms of the dentura languidly and wafted

their cloying sweetness to her. The sunlight was like powdered gold, but she felt as if the damp air of a tomb had blown across her face.

The Man opened his half-closed eyes and looked at her with a quizzical expression which said "Even here?" as plainly as if he had spoken. Then he looked off across the Bay again to the point where an island rose like a gem from its setting of waters—"Lotus Land," they had named it, because of the lace-like mist with its pale reflection of the waters' blue, in which it seemed to float—exquisite and unsubstantial as a mirage. His gaze sought the line of silvery foam which writhed along its base, for the waves, which crooned all day on the shore of the garden, lashed themselves into fury there.

"You are like the waters of the sea," he said at last.

A harsh call interrupted her retort. Among the branches of the *toyon* tree, whose berries shone like ruddy jewels, a blue-bird flashed back and forth—a living sapphire.

"Exquisite!" she breathed. But in reply to the question in the Man's eyes, she only shook her head miserably. His quizzical look melted into a smile.

"Hast seen the serpent, Eve? Hast eaten of the Apple of Unrest?" he queried.

His voice was full of raillery, but it was very tender withal and he put his arm out and drew her toward him.

She tried to smile back but the effort ended in a shuddering, womanish sob.

"I think it must be the flawless beauty of it all," she explained brokenly. "It frightens me—nothing seems to be of any use—not living or being your wife—or anything. It's like Eternity,—immense and perfect—and I am only a poor shivering atom of Time!"

The Man looked down at her with a vague trouble in his face.

"So you are tired of the Garden," he said, awe and wonder in his voice, "and our honeymoon not over! And yet—it is so short a time since you said, 'Let us go into the country and get close to Nature. Oh, Woman, Woman!'"

"But I can't get close to her," she cried. "She is too perfect!"

She paused for a moment, as if at a loss for expression, and then began with hesitation:

"Beloved, I seem to understand many things that I never understood before. I understand why no man can look upon the face of God and live! And I understand about Eve and the Serpent!"

The Man did not speak, but waited for her to continue, holding her close as one would a frightened child.

"Does God ever make mistakes?" she went on in a hushed voice. "Because it seems so plain that Eden could not have endured. I think the serpent was just the natural human longing that Eve felt for humanity's natural lot!"

Her voice tapered away into silence, and the Man's face grew thoughtful. When she spoke again there was a new ring in her voice.

"Poor Eve—I know how she felt. She was crushed by the perfection of it all! And—and I want to go back to the dear, ugly, old world, with its tears and laughter—its joys and sorrow! I want it all—all! Its trials, disappointments, successes—I want to live!" she finished passionately.

Her companion spoke half sadly.

"We shall never find such beauty again," he said. "Are you quite sure that you want to leave it?"

"Yes—yes! Don't you see, dear?"—half laughing—half sobbing—"It is as if we had attained heaven without striving for it!" Then, with sudden inspiration, she added: "That is what makes Heaven Heaven—the striving, the anticipation, the long, hard road which we must travel to reach it. And with you beside me, I want no shorter way."

There was a flush upon her cheeks and her eyes were humid with feeling.

"Give me the Apple," he murmured softly.

At the turn in the road they looked back at the narrow gate in the hedge, through which they had passed.

"The Angel with the flaming sword is there," said the Man. "We can never return!"

"But we're out in the great, free world of Effort," she replied joyously, and slipped her hand in his.

# A Song of the Open

BY BLISS CARMAN

GIVE me freedom, give me space,  
Give me open air and sky,  
With the clean wind in my face  
Where the quiet mountains lie.

*For the road goes up and the road goes down,  
The years go over and by,  
And soon will the longest day be past,  
Soon I must lay me down.*

I am sick of roofs and floors,  
Nought will heal me but to roam;  
Open me the forest doors,  
Let the green world take me home.

I am sick of streets and noise,  
Narrow ways and cramping creeds;  
Give me back the simpler joys:  
Nothing else my spirit needs.

Give me three days' solitude,  
Sea or hill or open plain,  
And with all the earth renewed,  
I grow strong and glad and sane.

*For the road goes up and the road goes down,  
The years go over and by,  
And soon will the longest day be past,  
Soon I must lay me down.*

# Writer's Thought Cramp

BY SEWELL FORD

**I**F the fiction writer has his delicious moments, when he tastes the joys which come with the excitement of creative composition—and these he undoubtedly has—also he knows distressing periods of mental apathy.

He has been working away at top speed, full of gladness in that subtle fabric which his pen weaves in the warp and woof of paper and ink. His head is packed with inspired ideas, like a gift box from the gods. Themes jostle and displace each other in their rush to find outlet through the slow fingers of his writing hand. He believes he may work on for a year and a day without stopping. His hopes ride high. His ambitions scrape the clouds. Impetuously he writes on. Eagerly he reviews the fresh page and sees that it is good.

Then something happens. It is not a snap, a break, a crash—nothing so tangible. It is just a ceasing. Abruptly, unexpectedly, all his fine thoughts vanish. The fire of his enthusiasm has died out as suddenly, as completely, as the incandescent glow pales in the electric bulb when the button is turned. His tense grasp on human motives is relaxed. His pleasing, heaven-soaring plot structures fade into nothing at all. That which a moment ago he saw as the gold of character has turned to dull, tarnished tinsel. No longer is life a country of majestic, white-robed heights and alluring purple-toned valleys. All is flat and gray and bleak.

Just about now, if the writer only knew it, is a most excellent time to go fishing. But he doesn't know, or at least he will not believe. So with futile doggedness he sits down at his desk and does his best to summon back from that mysterious abyss the bright fancies which he has lost. Vain effort! He may chew his penholder, refill his pipe, muss his hair and cover a page with meaningless scrawls, to no profitable end.

At last, baffled, discouraged, heart-sick, he sits with his head in his hands, contemplating with foolish self-pity the melancholy spectacle of himself. What has happened, he asks, to that thinking machine over which he imagined he had such complete control? What has gone wrong? There are the levers, the cogs, the fly wheel, all seemingly whole and in place, yet as immovable, as incapable of useful work as a locomotive with a broken connecting rod.

A period of self-scorn succeeds, in which he mocks at, and is mocked by, all the things which once lived in his brain. He is not a cheerful individual to have around at this stage.

But, like drouth and flood, war and pestilence and all other ills great and small, it passes. And he knows not how or when it goes. Days after he wakes up to find himself, pen in hand, hard at work again. Of its own accord, apparently, the machine has set itself in motion.

# Reviews

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## Poetry of the Month

BY BLISS CARMAN

THE book of the month in poetry, I fancy, is Mr. Richard Burton's "Message and Melody." Beginning with a "Song of the Unsuccessful," and ending with a group of "Playroom Poems," Mr. Burton runs a pretty generous gamut of subjects. Perhaps you may think his nature pieces the best; while I may prefer his verses on music. Indeed, I believe I do think they are the best of the volume; for, as a matter of fact, I turned at once to see if the "Second Fiddle" was among them, as I remembered having seen it in a magazine, and when I found it, had the satisfaction of meeting an old acquaintance. Just why it impressed me, I don't know; but I dare say the unexpected conclusion, with its generous hopeful sentiment, gave a stimulus not easily forgotten.

Having said this about the poems on music, I at once have a doubt, and think perhaps the "Sea Rhapsody" is the best poem of the volume. Not that it matters in the least to any one but Mr. Burton and myself, but just to satisfy the public; for a reviewer is always supposed to know just what is good and what is bad in a book—God help him, poor man!

"By day, the tremble of the boat,  
As the engine throbs like a human heart;  
The tang of the untainted air, salt, free,

Roaming long leagues of brine;  
The tidal lift and the slow swing, now  
the craft buries her nose in the  
billows."

Certainly something of the sea is here. You may whisper, "Whitman and Stevenson," but I shall reply, "Good stuff," none the less.

There is something wholesome, too, in Mr. Burton's nature poems, in his "The Song of the Open,"

"I love a level reach of land,  
The winds have room to turn in;  
I love in open fields to stand  
That hosts of flowers burn in."

Of a different sort is Mr. Zangwill's "Blind Children," a first volume of poetry, I believe. The author of these adventures in rhyme has done so well in the field of prose, has won himself so enviable a place in contemporary letters, that his new departure was not without peril. A severe criticism might say that it had been more or less disastrous; while a lenient reviewer could hardly fail to feel that Mr. Zangwill's long training in prose had somewhat handicapped him for verse—just as a runner will lose speed if he trains for distance and wind. "Blind Children" is the book of a thoughtful

man, but it lacks nearly everywhere the inevitable something which distinguishes poetry. His intention is often poetical; but his pen is too well accustomed to the commonplace habit of prose; and the result is often far from felicitous. For instance, here is a poem called "Psychology."

"He and she met almost daily,  
Parting then to analyze  
In their diaries each the other,  
Psychologically wise.  
Now the dust is on their eyes."

You see at once how futile mere rhyme is. It cannot save a poem. The author had an idea for an epigram—not a bad one, either—but he did not succeed in getting it into poetry.

Or again, let me take another instance, a poem on "Dead Memories":

"Lately an elderly Frenchwoman  
Showed me a dress with embroidery,  
Delicate, worn by her grandmother  
Once at the Court of Napoleon.

"Instantly flashed the great Corsican  
Duskily bright on my memory,  
Crumbled to dust with his dynasty  
Long ere the dainty embroidery.

"Also I strove to resuscitate  
All those dead splendors the grand-  
mother  
Moved amid, but unsuccessfully,  
Knowing so little of History."

It may seem unfair to pick out two small poems for criticism, so evidently slight as these. No doubt Mr. Zangwill would not set any very great store by them himself. I have only selected them because they show the shortcomings of the whole work—its lack of poetical quality. At least that is the fault, as it appears to me—the same fault that was to be found in Mr. Thomas Hardy's poems. There also was the case of a master of prose adventuring into the field of poetry; and there, too, was the unsuccessful issue of the new undertaking. For Mr. Hardy, like Mr. Zangwill, had been accustomed to the accent of prose

too long, and could not rid himself of it for the more charming and distinguished accent of poetry. Poems like "Dead Memories," and the greater part of "Blind Children," in fact, are wanting in the impassioned intensity of poetry—they are cold wrought, instead of being fashioned from the metal of the imagination at a white heat.

In comparison with the verses I have quoted above, I should like to place a poem from the current number of "Harper's Magazine," "The Poplar," by Miss Guiney. It is so unusual, so far from popular, that one wonders at finding it in a current publication. It is hardly a thing to catch the casual reader; but it has just that rare and inescapable quality which marks real poetry, and which most of us strive for in vain. But then Miss Guiney has done that before; indeed, she always does it. Her verse has the unaccountable gift of style, the incommunicable element of personality, which always distinguishes the work of a master, so that wherever it is found, it is known as his and not another's. Of how few living poets can this be said! And yet of the great artists of the past it is always true.

Perhaps it is too much to say of Yone Noguchi that his work has this characteristic, and yet its extreme originality and novelty arrest attention at once. Here is a young Oriental with his own way of looking at the world, so different from our Western way, and at the same time with a practically untried language at his command. For his use of English has all the daring which a man born to the tongue could never attain; and often, it must be admitted, this courage leads to startling felicity of metaphor or phrase. Mr. Noguchi feels none of the restraints of traditional usage in English diction; and as a consequence his words have an extreme vigor and freshness, and his work a quality quite beyond the compass of our daily speech. Sometimes, of necessity, this quality verges on the grotesque; quite as often, however, it approaches the strange mysteriousness of beauty. Here at least is one who takes poetry seriously. And I am inclined to think we might take a hint from him in

that respect, to our advantage. We are perhaps in danger of losing our reverence for the innocence of art; we allow ourselves too easily to be carried away by the smartness and levity of our own age, while the solemnity of time and the wonder of life do not impress us as they should—as they do in Yone Noguchi's unsophisticated poems.

MESSAGE AND MELODY. *By Richard Burton. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.00, net.*

BLIND CHILDREN. *By Israel Zangwill. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. \$1.20, net.*

FROM THE EASTERN SEA. *By Yone Noguchi. The Unicorn Press, London.*

THE UNTILLED FIELD. *By George Moore. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. \$1.50.*

BY EDWARD CLARK MARSH

POSSIBLY out of a mistaken consideration for those readers who have not the patience to pursue a single idea through nearly four hundred pages of print, Mr. Moore has epitomized the entire contents of his latest volume in the two stories that stand at its end. To speak by the book, these two are the only stories in it; the earlier chapters, little essays in the short-story form, are mere vignettes of life—instantaneous views, sharply etched without background or foreground. Their purpose is obvious—too obvious, save that it explains one of the strangest efforts in the history of art. Mr. Moore undertook a mission, failed dismally, and in this book, the confession of his failure, he turns defeat into a splendid achievement.

That little band of men who undertook to stem the tide of natural selection by rescuing the Erse language from oblivion and reestablishing a national art in Ireland may or may not have been actuated by wholly disinterested motives; but that one of them at least believed in its possibility it would be cruel to question. The actual conditions they faced are pictured in "The Untilled Field"

with the rigid, inexorable honesty of the disillusioned reformer. The enthusiasm presupposed by such a propaganda seems incongruous in a man already so "emancipated" as George Moore; yet it were easy, looking on from outside, to imagine all Ireland flocking to the support of a leader who should promise to bring back the ancient glories of a nation, and give it opportunity for a new life. But facts are stubborn adversaries of theories. The reformers found a priest-ridden country, a people sweating under a fardel of religious formulæ. They found the springs of national life dried up, the joy of living gone. "The rule of the priests is so fierce that illegitimate love has been reduced to a minimum, and when a child is born out of wedlock the one desire of the priest is to drive the girl out of his parish." Elsewhere Mr. Moore says, even more bluntly: "There is as little free love in Ireland as there is free thought; men have ceased to care for women and women to care for men. Nothing thrives in Ireland but the celibate, the priest, the nun, and the ox. . . . The passion which is the direct inspiration of all the world's music and art is reduced to the mere act of begetting children."

Such is in brief Mr. Moore's own comment on his book; for "The Untilled Field" is just—Ireland. Each chapter is but an additional detail showing the degradation, the hopeless, uncomplaining joylessness of this sad-eyed people. The naked simplicity with which it is told, the disdain of any literary convention, the sombre, unflinching realism of it give it something of the tone of folk-poetry—the tone of the inexpressibly melancholy folk-song quoted in "The Wild Goose." In this quality the book resembles nothing else in modern literature so much as some of Mæterlinck's tragedies; and like these, curiously enough, there is a vague suggestive symbolism in the larger purpose that overhangs it. This larger significance knits the scattered sketches together into a titanic tragedy, in which the protagonist is literally a nation, strong and heroic, but with the fatal weakness that always makes tragedy.

Only two of these sketches can properly be considered by themselves as works of art—"The Wild Goose" and "The Way Back." The first, with something of the conclusiveness, the self-sufficiency of a short story, is a character study of remarkable insight. The other is especially interesting in that it gives us, in the character of Harding, Mr. Moore's account of his own share in the Gaelic movement. The two may be taken as the final words on an æsthetic mission, the net results of which are perhaps summed up in this book and Mr. Yeats's Erse plays, "The Hourglass" and "Kathleen in Houlihan."

THE MANNERINGS. By Alice Brown.  
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

By FRANCIS BELLAMY

THE eternal masculine is the cause of this novel, and Miss Brown knows how it should be in order to suit nice women who would be willing to read it at all. Instead of one man and one marriage there are three men, and two of them get into marriage, and the other man steps obligingly out of it after fifteen years of failure in it. Instead of three men having their way with three women, three women have their way with three men.

Thus the novel is different from most other novels. Of course when a man writes a love-story it is the hero who prevails; and ordinarily when women write novels it is still the hero who is operant upon the destiny of the heroine. Miss Brown reverses all this. Here are three unsatisfactory men from a connubial point of view, and each one is eventually moved by the woman in the case to get himself where she wants him. That is where he ought to be, as every reader allows. Miss Brown gets him there civilly and sweetly, without any least puff of the new woman swashbuckler. But that is the distinct proposition she sets out to demonstrate; and lest its distinctness be obscured by the suavity of her manner she does it in triplicate; three separate affairs are going on in

the same house at the same time; each illustrates a separate variety of the everlasting imperative of a woman of spiritual degree.

Another curious feature of the novel is that it will prove interesting to the average reader. For its atmosphere is exotic, and its substance is the hair-splitting distinctions of those New England people who have generations of introspective, analyzing New England ancestry back of them. Most readers of novels don't know these personages, and don't see the sense of their high dilutions of sensibility. But they are as genuine as the more ordinary types of character in fiction, and it is Miss Brown's triumph that she has the art to make those delicate poises of the Yankee caste seem convincing and interesting, if not always wholesome.

The chief distinction of this three-stranded story is in the Mannerling pair, who find a way to separate. Kate Mannerling is a superb, full-blooded impetuous woman who finds her husband intolerable. For Brice Mannerling is hopelessly impossible. He is a kind of degenerate that could not be made except in New England. Not at all a moral or a social degenerate, but a whittling-off to a point from a cultivated and high-bred ancestry.

He is a courtly mannered automaton, with an unchanging round of trivial habits and of cheerful platitudes—altogether maddening. He has an old father who is only more so—having the same characteristics exaggerated by senility. The tiresome son is wholly bound up in the more tiresome father with a dutifulness both mawkish and grotesque. Against this daily horror the downright woman rebels with a turbulence beyond words. She repeatedly threatens to leave her husband, but he always meets her urgency for a separation with an indulgent platitude. It seems to be the theory of the author that the wife does right to stick it out even when the man begins to outrage her soul by dishonesties in his business. Then, by a *deus ex machina* act the author transfers the onus, and Mannerling himself departs for Greece never to return.

The strength of this book is in the sketch of the Mannering son and father. Such men assuredly never got into a book before. It is a rare writer who could summon them. It doesn't matter whether they are discoveries or sheer creations, the art which maintains them and makes them credible is very high.

Nevertheless they are only a sketch. The affairs of the other two pairs of people do not belong to the Mannering development, and only serve to make bulk. The Mannering tale is properly a magazine short story made into a volume by the braiding in of two other stories equally disconnected.

But the style is captivating. Whatever be her faults of constructiveness, Miss Brown's beauty of English and accuracy of phrase are superlative pleasures.

THE JOYOUS HEART. *By Viola Roseboro. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.* \$1.50.

BY MARTHA MCCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

A VERY live book is more or less a human document, no matter how sedulously the writer thereof may have striven to efface personality. Between the lines rather than in them one who holds the key can trace what manner of man or woman is speaking out of the printed page. I do not mean by that, that writer-folk of credit and renown consciously put themselves in their own books, or make staple of their own histories, but that each of us is so shaped and colored by heredity and environment, any true outgiving must be racy of the soul within.

Every page of "The Joyous Heart" has brought me to feel this much more keenly, much more clearly, than I have set it down. The book has not even a hint of spiritual autobiography, yet it could never have been written save by one who knew traditionally, Middle Tennessee in the civil-war time, and who was, further, in blood and breeding of the very best in the State. Because she is as modest as she is clever, Miss Viola Roseboro does

not spread abroad the fact that she is lineally descended from Governor John Sevier—"Nolichucky Jack"—the hero of King's Mountain, whom all good Tennesseans swear by as the greatest figure in State history. This even though President Roosevelt tried to pillory him as a figure of sedition. The Sevier strain comes on the spindle side, mixed with other blood as good. Paternally—one cannot call a ministerial line "the spear side"—the strain is Scotch and Presbyterian, and so essentially aristocratic as to spread into the broadest pure democracy. Add that Miss Roseboro, an only child, grew up the familiar friend and intimate comrade of a father and mother who held unyieldingly for the best things, say also that they loved and knew the best books, and that, as occasion served, their home shifted from Tennessee, east, west, north and south, and it will be seen what unusual influences have had a hand in the making of a most unusual woman.

Candidly, I love the writer, revealed through the book, better than the book itself, albeit it has my warm heart. It is a novel only superficially—below the surface story, pitiful enough, it is a study of temperament, marvellously wrought out. I do not think there was intent to picture the life and the whole people of civil-war times, but rather to show how those dread and sombre happenings made grewsome sport of human intention and endeavor. Vella, lithe, laughing, light of foot and heart, prodigal of loving service, suffering, and at last dying for her virtues, is a creature to cherish in memory. Neither of her two husbands in the least deserved her—wherefore it seems to me death was a blessing very lightly disguised. There I am doubtless at odds with her creator—who appears to have felt that the poor thing was cheated out of long blissful years, although she makes it plain, that with Vella what she was, and as she was, death was kindly to take her away.

Fanny Osborne is as distinctly hateful as Vella is winsome—still I can fancy her chronicler lingering over her with rapt affection—she is so perfect a piece of handicraft. As a piece of handicraft,

she will win her way with whoever loves good work—notwithstanding, she comes to me only half alive. Elmore, hard, narrow, overbearing, with yet underneath something of that unnamable quality that makes heroes, is vital from top to toe. As an individual soldier I accept him unreservedly, but as a type of those who went out to fight for State right!—no, a hundred times no! North and South the civil war began in a mood of worse than midsummer madness—I can shut my eyes now, and hear a dozen young fellows in span-new gray uniforms, laughing and larking with twice as many pretty girls over the chances and changes of their play-day soldiering. The over-ambitious were mortally afraid, since Tennessee seceded as late as May, that the fighting would all be done with before they go to the front. I must think there was like misapprehension on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line. Mr. Greeley cried "On to Richmond!" without ceasing, alleging as a reason that he wanted the rebellion crushed, and the whole matter settled "in time for the regular fall trade." On the whole, I think Southern prevision was clearest—at least at the top. Mr. Lincoln's first call was for three-months' men. The Confederacy from the outset swore in its soldiers as twelve-months' men. As I recall it all, seen through the keen and uncompromisingly critical eyes of ten years old, the six months following the fall of Sumter, were gallus-gay throughout Middle Tennessee. Mothers sighed a bit in secret over parting from their boys—maybe wept on their pillows, when the companies, gathered into regiments, had marched away to the fighting. But fathers and sisters and sweethearts were too full of pride, too glowingly patriotic over their new-born nation for any touch of sorrow or of apprehension. Then there was the never-ending diversion of rumors. They came apparently out of the air, and ran about like wildfire from lip to lip. Like the Athenians, Tennesseans of that epoch were mainly concerned to tell or to hear something new. Whether or not it was true did not matter a bit—it had only to be interesting. Thus Eng-

land and France raised the blockade regularly about once a fortnight—after Bull Run the capture of Washington was likewise staple for three months. Whoever had a soldier's letter felt bound in neighborliness to pass it around until it was literally read to pieces. And set it to their everlasting credit, the young fellows who had gone out, always from homely comfort, often from spare luxury, never whined—if they named hardships and privations it was to make light of them, or so turn them as to show the keen edge of some camp jest.

"All this is, however, quite beside the mark. "The Joyous Heart" is a text demanding far other and better preaching. I am glad of the book, as a performance that holds the promise of so much, so very much more. Next time Viola Roseboro set your fine wits to showing us a picture with high lights of humor, such as plays so lambently through "Bentley's System" and "Nannie's Career." So shall you thrive deserve the good word of the whole republic of letters.

THE WOMAN WHO TOILS. *By Mrs. John Van Vorst and Marie Van Vorst. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. \$1.50, net.*

BY A. LENALIE

**I**N the Denmark of latter-day civilization there's something radically wrong, and Mrs. John Van Vorst and Marie Van Vorst have set themselves the task of finding out what it is, anent the woman laborer among the factory classes, and have given the results of their investigations in this work: a compilation of articles first published in serial form. They went among these toilers as co-laborers, living in similar conditions, that they might as nearly as possible gain an unbiased viewpoint and impart the truth to the world.

Marie Van Vorst presents her picture of the sterile South and its arid types curtly and without sentimental elaboration, displaying the facts, raw and bleeding, with almost Tolstoian effect. In-

deed, only this writer's pen, or one of similar strength, could do justice to the fetid conditions of some of the great factory centres in the South, with their putrid, disease-breeding environment.

Nature here moves implacably forward to the undoing of her own work, through the great law of the survival of the fittest: and Death early destroys the plant whose seed has germinated under diseased conditions. Born with perverted instincts, impoverished systems and feeble intellect, what wiser than that natural forces should eliminate this young, diseased growth through merciful annihilation? This, alone, forefends perpetuation of the imperfect type. It is a stern law, but a wise one in many cases—alas! Though every such earnest plea and outcry as is presented in the summing up of this work seems but a feeble human hand stretched forth to arrest the great turning of the wheel of the universe—and as impotent, when considered in contrast with the vast, elemental proportions of the root-evil it attacks—yet one must honor the intent; and this noble effort to prevent the continuance of such conditions as perpetuate this evil should not fail of result. Just such strong effort is needed to arrest the attention of the dominant classes and so stimulate and leaven their ideas that they shall be energized into reformatory action.

The purpose of the investigation made by these writers is plainly set forth in their own introductions. Their deductions as to women's limitations and possibilities in the field of labor are logical and incontrovertible; but how far feasible are the remedies suggested as an antidote, is a problem that still remains in the realm of the unsolved. Where all else is so consistent and admirable we marvel that two such cultured and eminently sensible women should sanction the following phrase on the title-page (which is, at least, an undeniable instance of bad taste): "Being the Experiences of Two Ladies as Factory Girls."

There is a prefatory letter by President Roosevelt to the volume.

JOHN PERCYFIELD. *The Anatomy of Cheerfulness.* By C. Hanford Henderson. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$1.50.

BY FREDERIC CHAPMAN

BESIDES the books which are easily classified under one or another heading, and the books which in Charles Lamb's phrase are "no books," there is a small group almost defying classification. The volumes which make up this little class, if class it can be denominated, are few indeed, and only after long intervals does one appear which by certain indefinable attributes claims admission to the charmed circle. The books in question most frequently take the autobiographical form, and the personality of the writer even when the writing assumes the character of the essay is never very closely veiled. These books, to use the Latin phrase, concern themselves with all things and certain other things. *De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.* But the "things" are invariably human. Their exponents invariably have written upon their doorposts, "Being man I can hold aloof from nothing concerning man." The mind reverts as soon as one reads the title-page of Mr. Henderson's book to that "Anatomy of Melancholy" which holds so irrefutable a supremacy over all its associates. Then as one saunters from page to page the kindred of Burton present themselves for remembrance in turn. "The Essays of Elia," the Breakfast-Talk books of Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Tristram Shandy," Montaigne's Essays, and a tiny company beside. The last that came our way before "John Percyfield" was the work of another American writer, L. Studdiford McChesney, and was entitled "Under Shadow of the Mission." In all such books there is, as a rule, a definite story decipherable, but it is not for the story at all that one reads; and in so far as story predominates have the books of this particular character strayed from that state of life to which they were called. Possibly the most perfect form into which rumination and comment of this kind could be cast is the Socratic

dialogue, for it is the things that the various characters say to one another, the conclusions that they arrive at about the things they see and hear that matter. It is of little consequence whether they ever cross their own doorstep, for an alert inaction best becomes them. They may stimulate to endeavor, but so far as example goes may adopt the old preacher's exhortation, "Do as I say, not as I do."

In so far then as Mr. Henderson's book tells a concrete story, it errs against the light kindled by its most illustrious predecessors. But it wins forgiveness in the way common to the most human types. It even, at times, fascinates because of its perversity, as do some of the most human people one knows. "If to her share some human errors fall, look in her face and you'll forget them all."

A careful revision of the manuscript by some stern-hearted friend might have resulted in the removal of a few of the "dears" which make some of the pages slightly too saccharine. There is the "dear Charlotte," the "dear Peyton," and the "dear musician," not to speak of others. Such a friend, too, would have insisted on the removal of redundant words and phrases here and there, as, for instance, where the writer says, "I am getting on towards twenty-eight, or rather twenty-nine"; surely this could have been put with absolute directness. He is not speculating about the age of another person. Or, again, where we are told "the lake carried all shades of blue and turquoise." Is not turquoise a shade of blue? The only grave error of tact is the frequent allusion to the vagaries of the lady whom John Percyfield nicknames "Scotland." It is impossible not to assume that the underlying hint is that "Scotland" cherished a hopeless passion for him. If he had mentally noted all the signs he enumerates, he would have jumped to the right conclusion instead of wondering why she behaved so strangely, and if he had concluded aright he would have omitted all reference to the matter from his chronicle rather than label himself either prig or unseemly jester. The episode of the small boy friend, Peyton, who by one

of the dramatic fictions of childhood personates an "angel" brother when he makes his weekly visit to John is a record to add to the archives of childhood. "Being an angel, Peyton . . . had to tell me all about the New Jerusalem, and whether there was any swimming there, and what he and the other boy angels did to amuse themselves. While I, being still on earth, had to tell Peyton all the good things I could think of that I knew the angels would be glad to hear about." But to one acquainted with the stories of F. B. Corvo, a wicked memory of "A Caprice of the Cherubim" rises, and one wonders if John ever bragged of his ability to do feats impossible to the angel Peyton. The books that attain a permanent hold on the reader grow fewer and fewer, and it is unsafe to prophesy. But "John Percyfield" should, at least, outlive ephemeridæ.

FROM THE BOOK OF MYTHS. *By Bliss Carman.*

FROM THE GREEN BOOK OF THE BARDS.  
*By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. Each \$1.00, net.*

BY J. STEWART DOUBLEDAY

MR. Carman's inclination is often to the elegy, the pastoral, rather than the lyric. In "From the Book of Myths" he seems so enamored of faunlike sensuous ease as to be fearful of deranging that elfin dreaminess with so ardent a thing as a song. He cares not to kindle the world; he cares for nothing but to be unheeded; to stretch out his limbs in his warm lotus-land and gaze on the purple clouds; to drink in the heavy perfumes and summon fancifully to his side his Syrinx and his Daphne. These poems exhibit life in a comfortable, warm, well-nourished hue; they avoid intensity as they would the winter and shrink from all nobility of passion. Syrinx is in no danger, she need not race away from Pan so apprehensively, he will not harm her, he wishes only to dally with her in some shady spot till noon is past. He wants neither her heart nor her heart-

beat: the only essential conditions are that her hand be soft, and the forest bank they lounge on be as velvet.

This is not poetry of a high order, not even when compared to the work of several of the poet's contemporaries, not even when compared to Mr. Carman's own earlier work. How throaty and artificial seems the shrilling of these outworn Pan-pipes after the genuine reverberation of the manly baritone that gave us "Ballads of Lost Haven." How insignificant and forced this "Dorian dew" after the "Low Tide on Grand Pré"! Moreover, "From the Book of Myths" is not excellent of its kind, having serious faults of rhythm. In the long poem, for example, with its five hundred verses in the metre of Fletcher's "To Melancholy"—the metre made famous by Milton and Keats in lyrics much briefer than that of Mr. Carman, and generally acknowledged as one of the most delicate and difficult in the language—not once is the restful iambic introduced to relieve the running trochee; not once is the syllabic accent shifted to derail the menacing monotony. Mr. Carman's usage in this regard is quite apart from the usage of the masters. To cite two instances, Shelley's "Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills" with its three hundred and fifty verses is the longest notable poem in this metre, yet how inevitably even that product of genius would pall, had not its creator interspersed many eight-syllabled verses among the regular sevens; and the careful Keats, in his very short "Lines on the Mermaid Tavern," gives attention to this minute but vitally important point. Of course Mr. Carman would be justified in departing from the example of his illustrious predecessors, if by so doing he brought us a new form of rhythmical pleasure, but when he jars our sense of melody and accent, making us long to put the book down to finish at some later time, we fear he has ill succeeded.

In "From the Green Book of the Bards" Mr. Carman is very much more in his element. A quiet pervasive melody, a sincere and poetic expression of those moods, which the contemplation of nature is wont to awake in the lover of beauty, a lightness of touch and fresh-

ness of fancy, characterize these verses, which are indeed so simple and unshackled and refreshing that we feel like commanding: "O Mr. Canadian Poet, neither thou nor thy brothers shall go a-straying from the trails and the tides and the sea-gulls beating their storm-gray wings against the cliffs, even of that wildness, of that Northern Nature in which thy heart was first nourished; for verily there is the one wide hall thou canst sing in!" In this way alone—by seeming to fare away from Humanity and commune in solitude with the soul of inviolate Nature, can these vocal wanderers touch the springs of human sympathy at all: in the Wordsworth-Bryant manner so to define. And Mr. Carman does this in a mode that is all his own and very contenting. He has mature modulations, harmonious effects, gentle colors and shadows. He is full of conscience and a certain artistic unselfishness that is as gratifying as it is rare. His is not the intense, space-illuminating bard-strain of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts when at his best, nor is it the delicate rain-note of Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott in his pipings by stream and meadow, but there is in his song a true, satisfactory cadence, an absence of both rhetoric and slightness, a gift of steadiness and restraint that often elevates and purifies us when we least suspect the working of noble influence.

Of the more perfect and original poems in this collection are "A Supplication," which has the virtue of brevity, too infrequent in Mr. Carman's verse, "A Creature Catechism," "The Green Dancers," of which, however, the last five stanzas are superfluous, and "Sursum Corda," the largest in design of them all; and which, from its germ idea and devotional title, conveys an open-vowelled healthy religious effect, as of something spontaneous and Gregorian. The "leafy dominion" has attended God's word and,

"The revel of leaves is beginning,  
The riot of sap is astir;  
Dogwood and peach and magnolia  
Have errands they will not defer."

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DESPOTISM AND DEMOCRACY. *A Study in Washington Society and Politics.* McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

IN any list of the best novels of the year this must have a place near the top. It is, as the sub-title declares, something of a study in political and social conditions as they exist at our dizzy capital of to-day; but the fictional sauce is luckily so full flavored as to make us swallow the meat of instruction without a quaver, and we turn the last page feeling that we have been treated to literature which is, to say the least, excellent and unusual.

Washington life is indeed a large subject; and, although the present work by no means covers the whole ground, it does so far more completely than any other novel in the language, and ought therefore to have a brilliant popular reception. Indeed it is very hopeful that a novel of life and manners of such universal calibre should be written in America at this time, and we congratulate an author who, while knowing his subject from A to Z has the power and experience to spare us the recital of all the letters that exist between; which is to say that he has used selection and good taste.

The magic is existent from the beginning. How convincingly, with the opening conversation of the two Congressmen we feel ourselves in Washington; how sympathetically, while breathing Washington air, we follow the fortunes of these typical politicians, one the shining orator of rather convenient integrity, the other the debater and calm equable scholar. We gather with them by the capitol steps, intrigue or elucidate matters at their lodgings, have a "look in" at the White House, meet the senators, foreign diplomats and the army of *parvenus* who court them—we have a front seat at the whole superficial show; and lastly, we are made to feel how small is all this tawdriness and pomp; how vulgar and pitiable is all ambition for the mere sake of ambition, and how nothing really "pays" without honesty, love and the genuineness that is one with worldly charity. The book is bright with hu-

mor; but it is a clean, deep-delved, heart-some perfectly genial humor of a kind most winning and uncommon. Of the characters, the women are drawn far better than the men. The men are good types, but the women have stirring individualities as well as representative qualities, and convey a profounder sympathetic effect. One of them, Annette Crane, the wife of the brilliant Congressman who lacks moral fibre is a creature so lifelike and lovely as to make us deeply regret parting from her at the end of the tale. Whoever reads "Despotism and Democracy" will be the gainer; for no one could have written it but a brainy and noble-hearted person of wide experience.

J. S. D.

HIS DAUGHTER FIRST. *By Arthur Sherburne Hardy.* Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$1.50.

WHY is it that the American novelist, even when he has some insight and a touch of charm, seems incapable, in matters of construction and the delineation of character, of holding his own with the English novelist of the second or even the third class? The question is inevitably suggested by Mr. Hardy's latest novel, which contains much that is excellent and yet fails to move the reader in the least. His people are shadows floating vaguely through a void. We see them come and go; we hear them speak; they are described to us minutely; and when the book is finished we find that we have not become acquainted with one of them. It would be easy to name a dozen English novelists, with no greater literary ability, say, than that of the lady who calls herself "John Strange Winter," who with all their faults of style and vulgarity of thought still manage to get that grip on the attention which is utterly lacking in "His Daughter First." What is the trouble?

Such a question may fairly be asked, though one is not ready with the answer. Perhaps one trouble with Mr. Hardy is that he does not see with sufficient sharpness the men and women whom he tries to make visible to us. Some of these we

have met before; but the long acquaintance with them which their creator has presumably enjoyed seems to have been wasted. He is not in their confidence, and he does not reveal their secrets to us. The delineation of character from without has its advantages; it may be employed with effect in romance; it is essential in the drama. But a novel which aims at realism must be analytic. And it can achieve this without the excess of subtlety which has paralyzed the powers of so many realists. The most nearly finished character in the book is Mrs. Frazer, the sharp-tongued woman who has a kind heart. She may not be especially original or entertaining; but she is human, and we know her when we have finished the book. The others we do not know, nor can we feel that our lack of knowledge is any great loss. They are cultivated and reasonably clever people; but they are not interesting.

The daughter about whom the story revolves, so far as it has any centre at all, is all that is most disagreeable in woman. Having made up her mind that her father ought not to marry again, she amiably proceeds to make it impossible for him to do so, as far as that is within her power. Fortunately for him she fails, largely because she herself falls in love with a man who is disagreeable enough to be a fit mate for her. Mabel is a vixen; Heald is a cad. But even Mabel has a certain measure of sense, and the author does not make her weakness credible. Nor is it easier to understand why Heald should capture the fancy of the foolish companion, who was certainly old enough to know better. In fact, Mr. Hardy's novel raises questions like these at every point. His plot—such as it is—seems purely mechanical; there is nothing inevitable, nothing beyond the possibility of debate. He has introduced another pair of lovers in Paul and Margaret; but he has managed his action so clumsily that after the first chapters no one cares in the least what becomes of them; the centre of interest has shifted. As for Mabel's father and Dolly Kennsett, their affairs are entirely uninteresting.

The best passage in the book deals

with a stock-exchange fight. That Mr. Hardy has the ability to write good English may be frankly admitted, and this is an unusual qualification in a modern novelist; but more than that is needed to produce a really vital story. "His Daughter First" is a curious illustration of the fact that a clever man can be very stupid.

E. F.

THE LIGHT BEHIND. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. John Lane, New York. \$1.50.

NOWADAYS, with such a maelstrom of novels the boon of an absolutely satisfying work of fiction is immeasurably grateful. "The Light Behind" is all of that. The *motif* is high and moral: the style, of that rare excellence which neither annoys by anything *manqué* nor distracts by obtrusion of too exquisite quality: the character drawing, firm, vivid and true: the psychic insight, remarkably deep, and the story interest, intense and unremitting. The fine humans are not nauseatingly good: the bad ones not unhumanly vile. The atmosphere is that of the "smart" world; but here, for once, it is the "real thing," since it is one "to the manner born" who is writing of thoroughbreds. In "The Light Behind," the mind is entertained, the heart touched and the soul soothed and exalted, albeit saddened, by the glowing portraiture of a gracious woman. One could hardly say more in praise of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's book: to say less would not be adequate criticism.

Despite the harmonious unity, the strength, the grace of the book, or perhaps, because of them, it may fail to be "popular." But those whose judgment counts most on the artistic side will read it once with breezy gratitude, and a second time with the feeling that much escaped them before, when eagerness of appetite blunted full sense of the delicate flavor and overlooked the actual profundity of thought lying beneath such reposefully presented truth.

Lady Muriel Cheriton is a woman, thirty years old, of the finest moral and mental fibre while thoroughly *grande dame* in the great London world. She is married to a man disgustingly averse

to her superiority, who studiously comports himself as a neglectful husband and an ardent rake. It is a situation that makes or breaks a woman. Childless and denied a husband's encherishment while men whose shoes he is not fit to black adore her, it was inevitable that temptation should come to her, who was above all a woman. It came, hot and furious, and it was averted through the influence of another man, noble enough to have sunk the lover in the friend. Thenceforth, she grappled with the situation so masterfully as to emerge, with triumphant *éclat*, its mistress instead of its victim.

None but a Catholic could have written the book, and there are few Catholics to-day who could have done it. Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's equipment for the task is proven by the book. *Solvitur ambulando*.

J. B. J.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF. Edited by Hutchins Hapgood. Fox, Duffield & Co. \$1.50.

THE dominant impression which one receives from this book is that of an absolutely authentic document; and this impression of authenticity is confirmed by all there is to be known about the way in which the book came to be written. Mr. Hapgood actually met his thief shortly after Jim's release from the third term in prison. At the end of a few conversations he became alive to the literary value of the man's strongly marked and deeply seared personality, and the psychological and moral value of a faithful account of what was, even from a thief's point of view, an almost unique experience. He passed months of the most constant and confidential conversation with the released convict; he was introduced to the latter's former companions; he followed the trail of a thief's life through the purlieus of New York; he came thoroughly to know, like, and respect his man; and he almost immediately sat down to record the impression he received as near as possible in Jim's own words and manner. It is consequently an autobiography at second

hand; but if many who wrote the stories of their own lives were capable of telling them as truthfully and as effectively as Mr. Hapgood has done in transmitting another man's story, the average autobiography would be both more interesting and more edifying.

The impression produced by the book would have been more piquant, were it not for the fact that Josiah Flynt and others have recently been familiarizing the reading public with the vernacular of the under-world. Mr. Hapgood has not succeeded in using that vernacular with easy and idiomatic precision; the language does not hang together and produce, as it should, the impression that the thief is using the familiar words of his daily life; it wears a somewhat conscious air, as if the writer was on the lookout for opportunities of ringing it in. But if the words constitute too much of a vocabulary and too little of a language, no similar reproach can be levelled against the way in which Mr. Hapgood has caught the thief's manner. The sense of veracity, which the book gives, is due more than anything else to the consistency of the impression produced by Jim's personality. It is the same man who is talking from the first page to the last; and a very interesting and explicable man he is. He thoroughly relishes the novelty of this situation; he is not ashamed of his past life, but is assuredly somewhat proud of his exploits; he does a vast deal of special pleading, which is just what one would expect from an intelligent reprobate; he is much more convinced of the error than he is of the iniquity of his ways; and through it all there runs the appropriate note of final and hopeless tragedy—the solemn certainty to a thief's life is a bad dream culminating in the gallows or the road-house.

Jim's natural desire for self-justification does not lead him either to disguise or palliate any of the facts of his life; it only leads him to put the best possible interpretation upon them. He is in his way a philosopher, as well as a thief; he prides himself upon his intellectual acuteness, upon the instinct that led him to read Voltaire, Locke and Thackeray

while in prison; he is personally more interested in his opinions than he is in his experiences. Mr. Hapgood's peculiar success consists just in the way in which he has wrought a single impression out of such complex material. He shows us a mind as well as a life, and he puts almost as much vivacity and momentum into the report of the man's ideas, as he does into the story of his exploits and his sufferings. Moreover, many suggestive glimpses are given of the under-world to which Jim belonged—a world, which is all made up of peril, excitement, and dissipation, which, nevertheless, has its own standards, and occasionally its own virtues, and which certainly offers to any one who could get at them, as many tales as were told in the thousand and one nights. Indeed one's chief regret in putting down the book is that it is not longer. Its movement is so continuous and its interest so high, that it could have carried a much greater wealth of material.

H. D. C.

TRENT'S TRUST AND OTHER STORIES. *By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.*

THERE is a melancholy pleasure in receiving the last book we shall ever get from Mr. Harte's hand. Sometimes it seems as if the American people had not yet discovered how fine and true an artist he was. He never tried to write an elaborate novel but once, and then he made a failure of it. His was not the Erebus vein. But in his own particular *métier* how firm and strong his touch was! These last stories, the longest of which gives its name to the volume, show no falling off of his powers. Perhaps if he had not recognized so clearly his own limitations the result might have been different. What these limitations were it might be profitless to discuss at length. It is enough to say here that, while he could draw a character with easy dexterity, giving it a sharp outline and making it perfectly human and natural, he lacked the sustained vigor of the novelist par excellence. He was not capable of that multiplicity of detail necessary to produce a novel. Comparatively few per-

sons are; hence we have novels which are in truth only stories. In the story, however, Mr. Harte was a master. His stories, even the shortest, are complete and rounded works of art. There is never anything to add, never any loose ends to be gathered up by the reader. In this last volume several of the old characters reappear. Mr. Harte could not get away from Jack Hamlin; he did not have the courage to deal with him as Trollope dealt with Mrs. Proudie. And the best of it is that no one ever wished him to say the last word of that fascinating if unscrupulous person. We have a scene in which he appears here. The perfection of Mr. Harte's method is better shown, however, in the opening tale, in which the Old World and the New are strangely mingled, and in which the vein of romanticism does not kill the realism. It will be a long time before America gives birth to another author capable of such perfection in his own field as Bret Harte achieved. He had less genius than Hawthorne, no doubt; less than Poe, perhaps; but in his way he was as finished an artist as either.

E. F.

THE LAND OF JOY. *By Ralph Henry Barbour. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

MR. Barbour has written several boys' stories, and has done his work so faithfully that his "nature is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand." He thinks a boy's thoughts, feels a boy's emotions and rejoices in all the enthusiasms of youth. "The Land of Joy" is a more ambitious effort than he has heretofore essayed. He tries to make his college boys and their sisters grown-up men and women, but they obstinately remain children. This is all right in its place, for good stories of child life are both rare and desirable. College life is a period of romance not only to the boy who looks forward to it as the summit of his existence, but even more to the boy who is himself in it. The thorough-going collegian is the most self-conscious and consummate of romancers, for he de-

liberately lives his romance and joys in the knowledge that he is so doing. For him there is a fine pleasure in the reading of such a book as this. Mr. Barbour's hero is the typical college hero, only glorified and made perfect; his friends are of the kind the average boy would choose to have, and the course of his love is roughened just enough to bring out all his beautiful, chivalrous heroism. The pictures of student life are veraciously realistic; nothing is lacking in the delineation of the Yard at Harvard as the true land of joy. To the *blasé* man who, having escaped from college, has passed certain months or years in learning the stern realities of a hard world, the joys and sorrows of this land of academic seclusion may seem petty and childish; but that is at least as much his fault as that of the author. The book presupposes in its readers the enthusiasm of the very young or the very old, and those who cannot meet the conditions ought to leave it alone.

E. C.

THE TRIUMPH. *By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Illustrated by W. D. Stevens. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

THERE is something fascinating in this story that causes the reader to forget the flight of time; but it is not that there is a deep mystery to be solved or that the plot is unusually intricate. It is written in a strong, simple style that holds the interest continuously, and carries along the events with a smoothness and liveliness that is irresistible. Perhaps the best part of it is the skilful delineation of the characters, who are always natural, but never commonplace. The heroes—there are two—are young Americans, such as we are glad to meet or read about, and there are some capital rural types, quite as amusing as any in the numerous novels in which these people play the leading parts; indeed they are more interesting because they are not sufficiently conspicuous to become tiresome. There is an element of excitement in the battle between the ruffianly oil-well drillers and the charming hero-

ine, which culminates in a desperate encounter between the drillers and the village people—a conflict described in a graphic, thrilling manner. The atmosphere of the story is the atmosphere of to-day, and as a whole it is an original, thoroughly interesting and properly ending romance, which it is a pleasure to read and recommend.

F. L. W.

MY KALENDAR OF COUNTRY DELIGHTS. *By Helen Milman (Mrs. Caldwell Crofton). Illustrated. John Lane, New York. \$.50.*

IT would be hard to over-praise this delightful book, and those lovers of literature and nature into whose hands it falls cannot be sufficiently grateful to the author for the love and labor she has given to her work. The book is most simply arranged: a page for each day of the year, with prose and poetry from "old books, with musty covers and time-worn pages" about flowers, and birds and nature. There is much practical information in Mrs. Crofton's book, but it is essentially a volume for the poet and the lovers of poetry. Others can write about how to make a garden, but Mrs. Crofton has made what is to us an absolutely satisfactory Nature Kalendar.

H. M.

RED-HEADED GILL. *By Rye Owen. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.50.*

THIS is a novel creditable to any author, and striking as the maiden story of an unknown writer. The scene of the book is Cornwall, and there is more of this quaint corner of old England in the tale than merely the dialect and landscape. The main thesis of the story is the development of the anomalous relationship resulting from the purely business-like matrimonial contract entered into between the heir of an ancient local aristocratic family and an obscure female cousin, with whose dowry it is planned to reestablish the estate, for which the girl entertains a romantic, passionate interest. The feeling of indifference between the two

passes into interest, and finally into love—an old theme, but one still potent in the hands of a master. The only cause for incredulity on the reader's part lies in the length of time required for the awakening of love in the hero's breast. For red-headed Gill is a thoroughly convincing and vivid character; moreover, she is decidedly attractive. Even the uncanny faculty of inherited "memory" of which she is possessed under certain circumstances, and which leads to recitation of events long anterior to her birth and of valuable discoveries, does not deduct from her creditability as a whole, since the author has manifested much skill in introducing this precarious element. The novel is as far removed on the one hand from the sensational as from the stagnant on the other hand. In short, it is a good, wholesome story of human interest, told with ease and a sense of proportion.

W. W. W.

THE LIFE OF JAMES MADISON. By Gail-  
lard Hunt. Doubleday, Page & Co.,  
New York. \$2.50, net.

THIS volume is announced by the publishers to be the first of a series of biographies which shall give a complete history of our country, told in the lives of its eminent men. The present work, however, hardly seems to fulfil this purpose. The author has certainly avoided the faults of those biographers who lose the identities of their subjects in the environment of their times, and seems rather to have gone to the opposite extreme. We are enabled to see clearly enough in what work James Madison is engaged, but are not able to form a very complete idea of what the United States is doing in this, the formative, period of its existence. The general spirit of the times and the social life of the people are touched on but lightly, and some political events seem to have been slighted. The Embargo, for instance, receives comparatively little notice, and has no place in the index, while the War of 1812 does not appear to have as detailed treatment as it deserves.

Neither can the author be accused of

being that bugbear of modern historical scholars—a "literary historian." His work cannot be regarded as likely to appeal to the general reader, either from a literary standpoint or through the presentation of its subject-matter.

The book, nevertheless, gives us a succinct account of Madison's life and services to his country, and its author gives one the general impression of aiming at justice. He is in direct sympathy with his subject, but does not try to exalt him unduly. In dealing with some of the other characters he occasionally wanders from his usual course of fairness—particularly in the case of Aaron Burr, whom he notes only incidentally and dismisses with a few very hard names. The author is to be congratulated, however, on avoiding the appearance of anything sectional or partisan in his work—a thing difficult of accomplishment in treating of the much-mooted questions and events of the epoch with which this volume is concerned.

J. W. W.

A ROSE OF NORMANDY. By W. R. A.  
Wilson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.  
\$1.50.

IT is rather unfair both to the author and the book to hail him, as some impulsive reviewers have done, as a second Dumas, for this stirring, picturesque tale of stirring, picturesque days does not pretend to claim serious literary attention. It is simply a dashing story, full of life and action, of love and intrigue, plot and counter-plot which holds the attention enthralled from first to last. Dr. Wilson strives merely to entertain. He succeeds abundantly, and the book should not be weighed as a serious piece of literature. What boots it if the hero swears countless meaningless oaths in a wide assortment of languages, and the text is peppered with French phrases where English were far better? These slips of style are lost sight of before its really splendid strength and virility. And there is more plot in "A Rose of Normandy"—and good plot, too—than in half a dozen ordinary modern novels. There is much excellent character drawing and

character development, too, some true history—drawn obviously and frankly from Francis Parkman—and a vivid picture of Quebec and the Mississippi country at the time of Frontenac and the *coureurs de bois*.

The story opens during a guillotine scene in Paris at the time of Louis XIV., and the hero, Captain Fonti, a swash-buckler soldier of fortune, who later develops into a man, the assistant hero, Pompon, the only character in the book that is badly overdrawn, except perhaps De Miron, the villain, and the associate hero, La Salle, the explorer, are forthwith introduced under sensational circumstances. After several adventures and a charming glimpse of romance, the scenes shift to Canada, and the plot becomes so thick that it almost curdles. La Salle, Fonti and Pompon explore the unknown West, the beautiful heroine, Renée, the "Rose," flits gracefully and sweetly through the scenes, and in the rugged months of conquest these people work out their destinies to a strongly dramatic and thoroughly satisfying conclusion. The characters are really remarkably well drawn, they are individual and human, so that the reader lives with them, and this realism is the chief charm of the book. Were it ever so little poorer done, it would be melodramatic and theatrical. As it is, "A Rose of Normandy," as its mounting sales testify, will be one of the popular as well as one of the most wholesome books of the coming vacation days.

W. F. D.

THE ROMAN ROAD. By Zack. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

IN the first of the three stories which make up this volume, we read of how Mrs. Groot informed her eldest boy Roland that he was not, as was universally believed, Mrs. Groot's son—and of how Roland behaved in reference to the entailed property after learning the fact. Such a situation would seem inevitably painful and ugly, but it is here dealt with in a manner so epigrammatic and smart, that we have the sensation of assisting at an intellectual comedy rather

than at a human tragedy, and are provoked to grim smiles rather than to tears. The analysis of character, especially in the case of Mrs. Groot, of whom, among other things, we are told that she resembled "a locked box with nothing inside but a cobweb"—is witty—too determinedly witty; for we are led to suspect that the people are rather pegs on which to hang good things than living actors in a real drama. A Roman Road ran through the Groot village. "It seemed to image forth life, triumphant over disease and failure." This sentence is the only clew offered us of the significance of the story's title, the road in no wise figuring in the tale.

Among extracts from reviews on our author's former works, to be found at the back of the book, is the dictum that her stories are a sure test of the literary intelligence of their readers. We confess, with mortification, that our intelligence has not stood the test of "Balance," the second story in the present collection.

After two careful readings, we are of opinion that it is an impressionist sketch,—but what it is intended to represent, even a third reading has failed to reveal to us. Richard was the friend of the butcher's dog—he tells us so himself—we also, indirectly, gather that he was a distinguished writer of immoral fiction. Presumably it was because of the nature of his fiction that Jeffrey quarrelled with him. But who the ill child was, who lived and died in the wood, and why Rachel lay on the rocks, and wept slow tears, in her sleep, remain to us matters of mystery.

"Thoughty" is the sketch of three boys and one girl, known to their nurse as "the thoughty ones." The adventurous and romantic lives that imaginative children inwardly live, while leading outwardly decorous nursery existences, is what Zack would suggest to us, but her representation of this mental phase of childhood is over fantastic, and conveys no impression of reality.

All in all, this new volume is little likely to add to its author's reputation. Morbid and saddening her previous work has been, but there has been a quality of

literary sincerity and restraint in it, for which we search in vain in these three affected and exaggerated stories.

M. S. R.

**MORE LETTERS OF CHARLES DARWIN.** *A Record of His Work in a Series of Hitherto Unpublished Letters. Edited by Francis Darwin and A. C. Seward. 2 Volumes Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$5.00, net.*

IT is sixteen years since the "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin" was published, a biography that was at once popular and in general satisfactory. The present work is supplementary, and to those who have read the former it will but strengthen the opinion there established that the great scientist was also a genial, kindly gentleman, whose devotion to his life-work did not spoil the natural sweetness of his character. Although this collection includes very little heretofore published, it is so arranged as to be in itself a very complete record of his life, and is full of interesting revelations of the growth of his theories. It is prefaced by a chronological outline of his life, based on his diary and covering all events of public importance.

The first chapter opens with a fragment of autobiography, ending, unfortunately, with his eleventh year! It is, however, sufficient to show the child the father of the man in his notice of natural objects. It is amusing in view of the careful accuracy of his scientific work to read his confession that he was "a very great story-teller, for the pure pleasure of exciting attention and surprise." In later life he achieved the same results without recourse to fiction, but he may have missed the pleasure of his early invention. A few letters to relatives are given, but the mass of them are to his scientific friends, Alfred Russell Wallace, Charles Lyall, Sir J. D. Hooker, Huxley, Asa Gray, *et al.* It is forty-five years since Darwin and Wallace read their joint paper on the evolutionary theory before the Linnean Society, and it is difficult to realize what a storm was thereby evoked. To-day there are few who do not accept the theory of evolu-

tion in general, although its details vary in individuals. But in 1859, when "The Origin of Species" appeared, the reviewers flayed the author with vituperation and ridicule. A singularly modest and sweet-tempered man, although for the greater portion of his life an invalid, he bore the attacks of his critics with wonderful equanimity. Always ready to accept new proofs for or against his theory, he was yet tenacious of the truth as he saw it. This is shown most clearly in his letters to Wallace and Lyall.

Probably the most interesting series is the correspondence with Sir Joseph Hooker, to whom these volumes are dedicated with a quotation from one of the letters. Their close friendship gives a personal touch that is sometimes lacking in the other series. In many of the letters Darwin refers to his ill health. Writing to Huxley, he says, "Take care of your digestion, which means brain." The editing is admirably done; very little is included that could have been spared and nothing that is not interesting. Considerable material yet remains unpublished, although we are told that this is all that it seems desirable to use. Taken in connection with the "Life and Letters," we have an adequate biography of one of the greatest scientists of the world's history. Numerous and good illustrations and sixty pages of index add to the value of the work.

F. B. T.

**TRAPPER JIM.** *By Edwyn Sandys. With Many Illustrations. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50, net.*

IF Mr. Sandys had written nothing before or writes nothing more this book will be sufficient to gain for him the friendship of all live boys who read it. All who enjoy out-of-door life and who want to know how to make the most of it should read the volume and learn what "Trapper Jim" learned from his cousin Ned, who knows, and tells him how, when and where to hunt, trap and fish, and how to prepare the necessary appliances to obtain the best results. The making of all sorts of traps and snares, the skinning of animals and curing of

skins; in short all of the things that contribute so much to the happiness of a real boy are not only explained as clearly as descriptive power can make them; but there are numerous illustrations which make their construction practicable and easy. Errors of many scientific writers are pointed out in detail and the work shows the author to be thoroughly familiar with his subjects. The easy, narrative style makes the book so interesting that the average boy will throw away a story of Indians or detectives or even stay home from the circus to read it.

F. L. W.

THE SIEGE OF YOUTH. *By Frances Charles.* Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

THE author of "In the Country God Forgot" so stamped her impression upon every reader that whatever she might afterward produce would be sure of eager, expectant attention. One could hardly hope to see a duplication of that first triumph, for that story of Arizona life had within it almost all the elements of a great story—the wonderful, terrible land, the deep, disturbing mystery, the torment of clashing loves and the strength of swift masterful action. "The Siege of Youth" has few of these things and the "storm and stress" is much more quiet and repressed. Instead of a broad, desert land we have a city; instead of pioneer life we have a newspaper office; instead of irrigation works and native intrigue we have an artist's work and music, and comrades' jealousies.

But enough of these contrasts. "The Siege of Youth" is a love story of San Francisco, involving three women and three men who after devious wanderings happily mate. It is what the average reader would call "a queer story." If it attempts to teach any moral, it fails. If its discussions were written to be tangible and reasonable, the effort did not show in the result. The climax of the story reached in the young artist's marrying the once bad woman is indefensible from any standpoint, whether of

morals or logic or any justification contained in the story itself. In short, so far as a mere plot is concerned, it is nothing or worse than nothing. But in atmosphere it is powerful, strong, charming. One cannot help loving every character in the book, for there is no villain and all the people are invested with such an air of sweetness and general goodness that we can forgive much of the nonsense the author puts into their mouths. Not as a story, then, but as a picture this work must be regarded: and a dainty, pretty cameo it is.

F. B. T.

THE MODERN OBSTACLE. *By Alice Duer Miller.* Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

CLEVERNESS is nowadays a widely distributed quality, and women, it would seem, have received more than their proper half-share. At least, such is the impression made by the women writers of the day. Nor is the author of "The Modern Obstacle" the least clever of her kind. There is a subtlety and spontaneity about the story which recalls to mind "The Touchstone" of Mrs. Wharton. Further, there exists a certain similarity of theme and a distinct similarity of treatment between the two books. Both are studies of types of the fashionable world under unusual and dramatic circumstances, and both show admirable insight into this order of character.

The modern obstacle, though unnamed by the author, is evidently the necessity for money in marriages contracted by women brought up in the more fortunate class of society. Conscious of the reality of this necessity in her own nature, the heroine of Mrs. Miller's story "heroically" refrains from marriage with the man of her choice, and drifts into an engagement with the insignificant possessor of millions, whose effeminate, mosaic-like character is sketched with striking delicacy and charm. Indeed, equal felicity is shown in different manner with each of the various characters of the novel. The dismissed lover, however, has still to be reckoned with,

and returning shortly before the date for the wedding with his rival, with sixty thousand dollars in cash, and with a lease of life ostensibly limited to six months, he carries off the bride in triumph. As a matter of fact, the curtailment of life to which the newly made husband looks forward is that of suicide, since he, too, realizes the impossibility of even comparative poverty for such a woman as his wife. But in view of the fact that he possesses and has always possessed sixty thousand dollars, and that between them they enjoy the capability of adding to the income from this sum, he as a composer and she as a poetess, our sympathy with the couple inevitably suffers diminution. Still, it must be conceded that Mrs. Miller has shown consummate skill in superimposing this abnormal shrinking from so-called poverty upon an interesting and generally admirable character, as that of the heroine. There is, further, a mastery of the subject-matter and a consequent ease in the telling that is perennially refreshing. No one but a woman could have written the book, and what is more, only a modern woman with a man's impersonal view of life added to feminine subtlety.

W. W. W.

THE REDFIELDS SUCCESSION. By Henry Burnham Boone and Kenneth Brown. Harper & Bros., New York. \$1.50.

FROM the point of view of the reader who is not a Virginian, the writers have depicted Virginia life with a reality that has no rival, and it is precisely in this local truthfulness that the value of the book lies. The story itself is interesting enough, we follow the various developments of the plot from first to last, we like the "love part" and the realistic record of the hours of a city reporter; but it is, after all, not so much the detail and design as the underlying insight which holds us; the faithfulness to Virginia nature; the clear weighing of Virginia qualities; the generous portrayal of life and manners as they exist in the Old Dominion of to-day.

"Eastover Court House," the former

novel by these writers, was, with all its virtues of energy and freshness, somewhat distorted by what seemed to be partisanship; the objectionable Southern trait was given an undue preponderance, and the book was therefore stimulating but somewhat prodding. In the present work, however, this teasing and friction have disappeared; fair play is the word; the writers have lost no force or frankness, they possess even more poignantly their power of critical incisiveness; but all is matured and strengthened by an ampler kindlier tone, they have become genial and human, and *presto!* their labor is ennobled.

Two important qualities distinguish "The Redfields Succession": the originality and fitness of the descriptions and the swift interest of the conversations. There is perhaps a trifle too much "information" concerning horses and their keep, and too much veterinary sententiousness and unessential equine reminiscence; a thorough course in the fiction of these gentlemen is really all that is necessary in order to "go in" one's self raising and racing successfully the very proudest stock in the country. But, as a rule, the writers have exhibited art in both their enthusiasms and transitions, and have relied unfailingly on their own acute powers of observation.

The principal characters are not always perfectly clear of outline. True-man Gault, for example, seems to waver and change at times almost to the point of forfeiting his personality; and St. Clair as well as Virginia in a minor degree, undergo "shifts" which damp familiarity and make us wary how to greet them. We then wonder just what relation this uncertainty of character development bears to the dual authorship. How can two men, no matter how much they may attempt to define a character, really see him in exactly the same light? But this shortcoming is not sufficiently vivid to rob the tale of its peculiar and decisive interest.

"The Redfields Succession" is a healthy, humorous story both animated and picturesque, and we recommend it not alone to Virginia lovers, but to all that mass of readers who are continually

seeking something good yet out of the common.

J. S. D.

ANNA OF THE FIVE TOWNS. By Arnold Bennett. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

MR. Bennett has succinctly characterized his laboriously written story in the few verses which preface it:

"Therefore, although it be a history  
Homely and rude, I will relate the same  
For the delight of a few natural  
hearts."

"Anna of the Five Towns" is, forsooth, a "homely" narrative, "rude" in its material, and what "delight" it imparts will be for the "few." The title of the book has the merit of stimulating curiosity. But the "Five Towns" do not figure as separate municipal settings for so many stages of the familiarly designated heroine's career. They are English provincial towns given over to the potter's industry, which, once strung along eight miles of a winding road, have become contiguous through their growth. Bursley, the "mother" town, boasts a thousand years of existence. Mr. Bennett frankly admits that they are "mean and forbidding"; that "nothing could be more prosaic . . . more seemingly remote from romance"; yet undismayed, proceeds to declare that "romance is even here—the romance, which, for those who have an eye to perceive it, ever dwells amid the seats of industrial manufacture, softening the coarseness, transfiguring the squalor, of these mighty alchemic operations." The quotation is a good specimen of Mr. Bennett's style, whose merits are on the side of precision and balance, with a possibly consequent lack of spontaneity and vivacity.

The "romance" which is to vivify these squalid stretches of the Five Towns will not intoxicate with "delight" even the "few natural hearts" to which it is directed, for it is a prosaic narrative, and the author, in keeping his color scheme low, has secured his values rather than his audience. Anna walks, she scarcely

falls, in love with the personification of "proper," middle-class young manhood. Mr. Bennett "tells" the reader things without always convincing him of them. Despite an almost painful conscientiousness in giving the "color," he does not "work up" the emotional leaven in his characters in a way to make the outcome a conjectured and satisfying fulfilment for the reader. Anna teaches Sunday-school, and has been for some time thrown into relations with its morning superintendent, Henry Mynors. The story opens with her meeting him one morning after the school's close, and as they shake hands she "realized for the first time that she was loved." There is another young fellow, a good-hearted, awkward rustic, Willie Price, whom she has known for a long time. At the end of the book, Willie has to go to Australia, and they are saying good-bye. "As their eyes met in an intense and painful gaze, to her, at least, it was revealed that they were lovers." These perceptions of Anna are rather sudden to the reader, who would prefer to have had some inkling of the drift of things independently of such forthright avowal from the author.

Mr. Bennett shows himself a good historian of the Five Towns, and his characters and the incidents are quite in harmony with this potter's terrain. But a large seasoning of humor, or a steadily cumulative interest are necessary for a commonplace story. Five Towns may be an unusual spot and a traveller might tarry there a day with interest. But when he is invited to stay for a whole volume, *hors d'œuvres* or stimulants should strengthen the menu.

Mr. Bennett is something of the potter in his literary craftsmanship, in that he thumps and shapes his mass of cheap clay cleverly, but the fashioned thing is not too exotic in its lines nor does it hold what he intended it to hold. His suggestion of reserve force, which sustained one through the book, proves fallacious, and human nature, even tragedy, whether physical or moral, grows flat under his manipulations. Perhaps this is merely lack of the "natural heart."

J. B. J.

